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VOLUME 24 NUMBER 7

INTERNATIONAL club

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club INTERNATIONAL

YOU *CAN* TOUCH THIS!

IT'S SEXY SAM'S OPENING NIGHT

GIRL TROUBLE!
WHICH ONE OF OUR STUNNING DREAM DOLLS WILL YOU CHOOSE FIRST?

HAVIN' IT
GETTIN' IT
DOIN' IT
WITH
DEJA VU

9 770955 181024

THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

Volume Twenty Four Number Seven

5

Vicky

12

Tina

54

Sarah–Jane

Paaaaarty! This might be our **Tea and Biscuits Breaktime Special**, but this month has been a total cider frenzy! You see, I got a new flatmate. A bloke this time. Tim. He plays a **wicked guitar**, rolls a sensational cone spliff and knows tons of **totty**. So when he finally shifted his stuff (a bag of old clothes and 18 crates of kickin' records) into the flat, we decided to throw a little soiree on the Saturday evening. Just a small affair; a couple of **drinks**, couple of **nice ladies**, two tons of **speed**. You know the sort of thing...

Cut to mid-day Sunday, my bedroom. Jesus! It looks like the aftermath of the Oklahoma **bombing**; eight people on my bed, three in it. Twelve people in various states of **undress** sprawled on the floor amongst the debris of beer bottles, fag packets, overflowing ash-trays, filthy clothes etc etc. You get the picture. **Mayhem**. I don't know what happened. One minute I was standing in the living room (I use the

Thought of the month:

Q. What's the definition of INDEFINITELY?

A. When your balls are slapping against her arse you're IN, DEFINITELY!

Tony – Paris 1995

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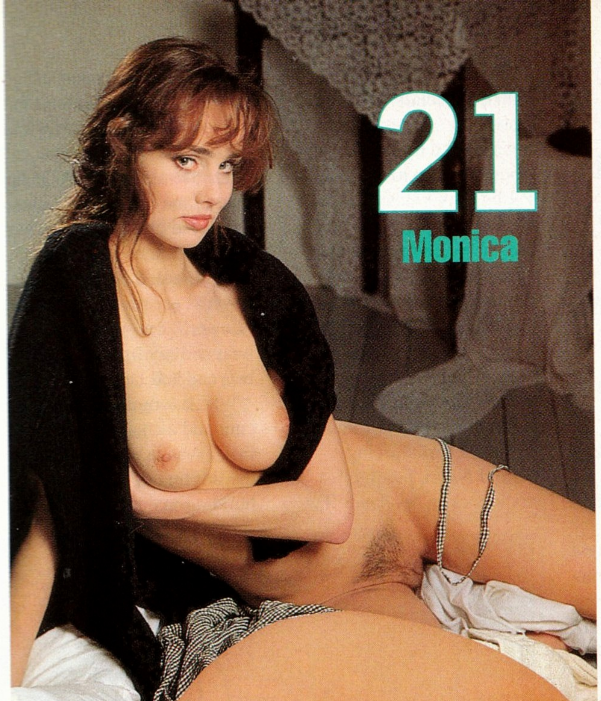

term 'living' very loosely, as we don't actually have a stick of furniture apart from three knackered chairs. It's more like the waiting room at **Preston bus station**), the next minute I was toking on a twelve inch joint, swigging from a bottle of Black Label Smirnoff and getting my knob seen to by two girls I'd never even seen before!

Beyond that I have only hazy memories: 1) Club Deputy Ed, Rich, taking **dodgy Polaroids** of himself, 2) my mate Adam telling everyone his dad works for **MI5**, 3) another mate called Adam telling me that it wasn't till his girlfriend bent over with no clothes on that he realised where the term **'fur burger'** came from, 4) Irish prankster **Johnny** going out at six in the morning in search of more booze and coming back two hours later with sick down his shirt and a new girlfriend, 5) someone leaving the flat with eyes out on stalks and so paranoid he could hardly look at us and saying "I don't want to see any of your fucking faces for a month. Goodbye".

Crikey, it's tough at the bottom. – **The Editor.** ♣

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Samantha

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in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 8JJ

FIGHTING FIT

The pictures of Brandi in the latest issue of Club (Vol 24 No 5) left me wide eyed. She has the most fabulous pair of tits and an incredible figure. She also bears an almost uncanny resemblance to a girl that works down at my local

leisure centre. Nikki is 21 years old, half-Brazilian and possesses the same trim figure as Brandi. Over the last few months I've become very friendly with her since I'm down at the gym at least twice a week with my boyfriend, Gary.

The two of us bumped into Brandi one evening last week just as the leisure centre was closing. Her big boobs were poking out of her white leotard and I could see Gary staring hard. I couldn't really blame him, and I had trouble keeping my eyes off them myself. They stood out firm and proud, and she soon noticed me staring. "Ahem, didn't your mother ever tell you it's rude to stare?" she giggled.

"I'm sorry," I said, feeling myself going red with embarrassment. "Erm, how about a drink when you've finished locking up here?"

Nikki nodded and the three of us headed off to the pub. Once we got there, Nikki phoned up her boyfriend Sam and he joined us a little while later. I have to admit he was a bit of a hunk, and I could feel myself getting hot between the legs as I admired the way his muscles strained against his shirt. We chatted for a while, getting more and more tipsy, then I asked Nikki how she managed to look so fit.

"Judo," she told me. "I do it at the sports centre. You look like you could handle yourself. I might just give you a match."

"How about now?" I suggested. "There's nobody at the centre and you've got the keys."

Nikki couldn't resist rising to the challenge and the four of us finished our drinks and headed back to the leisure centre. I have to admit we were pretty sozzled, but it seemed like great fun. Once we got inside, Nikki and I headed to the changing rooms where she threw me a loose-fitting linen suit. "Put this on," she said. As I undressed, Nikki stood there watching me. "You've got a lovely figure," she purred, moving closer. She ran her hands down over my hips, pulled me closer towards her and kissed me. My hands pawed all over her body, then Nikki pulled away from me.

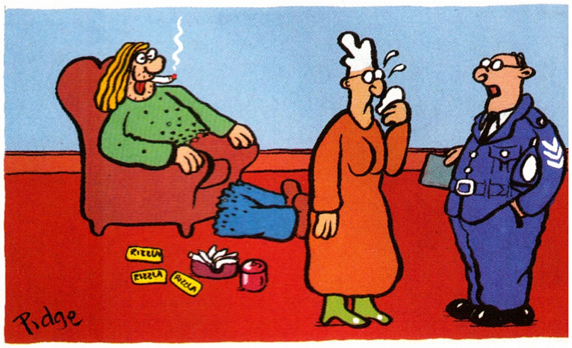
"The boys are waiting for us," she said. "Let's give them a match to remember." We skipped through to where the boys were waiting and began playfully fighting each other on a padded mat.

"This tart was eyeing up my tits," shrieked Nikki. Then she grabbed me around the waist and wrestled me to the floor. Sitting astride me, she pulled open my top and my bare boobs popped out into view. There was a brief pause as Nikki looked across at the fellas and winked, then she moved her mouth onto my tits and began sucking on my nipples.

I couldn't believe what was happening, this beautiful girl was sucking on my tits and I was loving every second of it! I don't think the lads could quite believe it either, especially when Nikki kissed her way down over my stomach and pulled my trousers down to my ankles. Peeling my knickers down over my thighs, she stuck her face between my legs and began eating me out. When her tongue darted across my swollen clit, I jerked furiously and yelled as an orgasm pulsed through me.

This was the cue for the boys to join in and I looked up to see Sam moving behind Nikki, holding his thick cock in his hands. He pulled Nikki's trousers off and from the expression on her face, he was slipping his cock inside her cunt. She began trembling, but kept on licking me out as if her life depended on it. Then Gary appeared, kneeling over me as he directed his cock towards my mouth. "Lower!" I gasped, then wrapped my lips over his bell end and began sucking.

With a tongue inside my cunt and a cock between my lips, I was in ecstasy and felt the tingling of an orgasm building inside me. Suddenly



I'm afraid he seems to have cut himself in half with dope holes, Madam

GIRLS ON FILM

A new video reveals the terrible truth about cars and girls...

Women drivers! Don't they just drive you round the bend, eh?

Pottering around observing the speed limit in their bog standard hatchbacks with the bloody baby seats in the back.

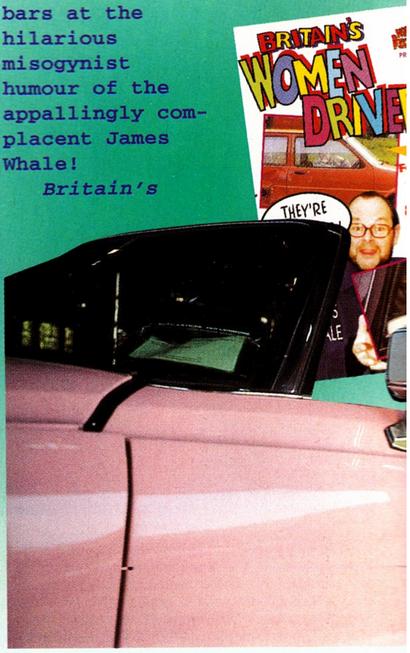
Stopping for other women with kids on crossings when there's plenty of room to get through between the two toddlers - so long as you mow down the puppy.

Waiting patiently at roundabouts when they should barge in the moment they spot daylight between the bumpers of those with right of way.

What are they afraid of? The odd threat of violence? The occasional massive side impact collision rendering the children paraplegic?

If you need any more evidence of how appalling women drivers are, now there's a whole video of their awful car handling. Roar with mirth at the appallingly patient women who'd rather sit in a traffic jam than make a detour over a bridge. Giggle smugly at the news that it took one woman 200 lessons and eight years to pass her test! Laugh until you split your side impact bars at the hilarious misogynist humour of the appallingly complacent James Whale!

Britain's



Nikki came and she pulled her tongue out of me as the full force of her orgasm hit her. I came too, just as Sam pulled his cock out of Nikki and shot a creamy wad over her bare arse.

I sucked even harder on Gary's cock and reached up and tugged on his balls, sending a string of sticky spunk deep down my throat. The four of us collapsed in an ecstatic, come-soaked heap on the mat.

That certainly wasn't the end of our fun though. We decided to cool down by taking a Jacuzzi together, before heading back to Nikki and Sam's place for a night of fucking frolics. I reckon that I've discovered a whole new way of keeping fit – and I've certainly got a good teacher in Nikki! – *Sara, Plymouth*

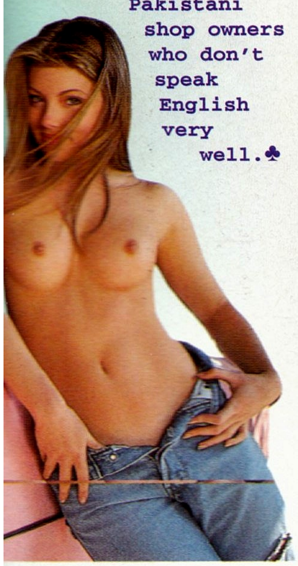
PLAYING AWAY

I've just staggered in from a wild and wonderful night of sex and I couldn't wait to put pen to paper and write

continued on page 90

Women Drivers **(Public Eye £10.99) makes Bernard Manning look right-on, but if you're the sort of person who needs to bolster their own ego by indulging in inaccurate stereotyping, you'll love it!**

Next month: *Britain's Gormless Grocers* – a collection of hilarious mispronunciations by Pakistani shop owners who don't speak English very well.♣



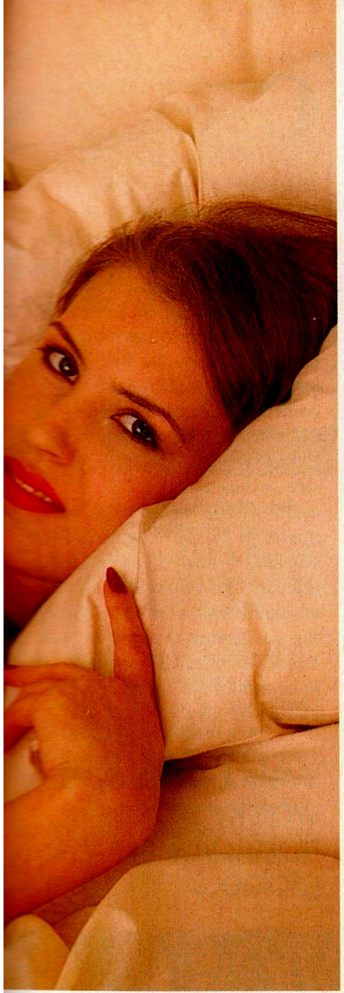
vicky

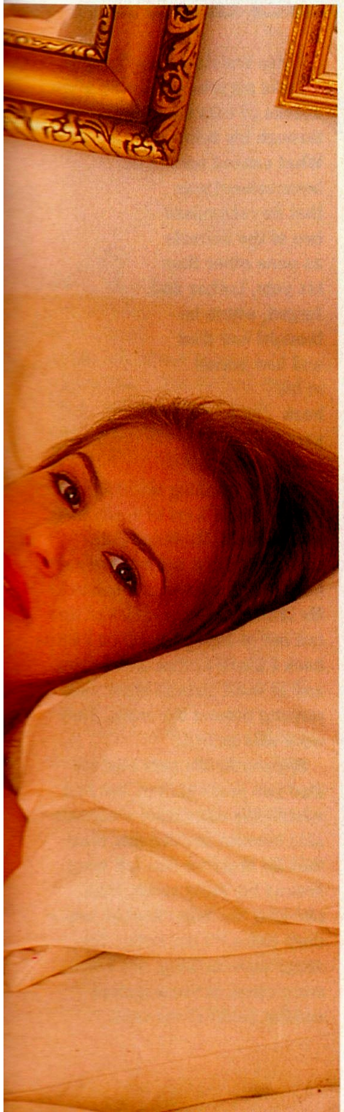
Photographs by Denys DeFrancesco

A derriere icon! That's how bottom lovers regard 20-year-old Vicky from Walton-on-Thames. Bum experts recognise the perfect curvature of her cheeks, the ideal combination of firmness and plumpness and a cleft as attractive as the Thames Valley. Which is all very flattering, but has one serious disadvantage...

"My boyfriends always want to do it doggy fashion so they can stroke my bum," moans the brunette with tastier buns than the

local tea shoppe. "But I like to be able to see what's happening too. I love the thrill of anticipation as a cock slips along my thighs to my pussy, that first touch, and then seeing it slide into my warm wet hole. Watching his cock at work is part of the fun for me, but all I ever see is the headboard!"♣





gorgeous

TRACI LORDS

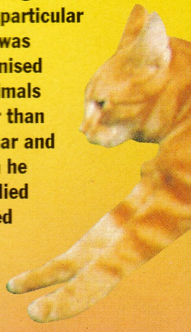
Former blue movie star, Traci Lords, is everywhere these days. She's currently playing a juicy role as a deranged cult member in *Melrose Place* and has just been signed up to appear in the next series of *Roseanne*. But it's her debut album, *1000 Fires*, that grabbed our attention, and in particular the hard trance stomper, *Control*, that gave Ms Lords a top five hit in the dance charts. "Dance music is the future, and I have always believed in the future," says the 23-year-old.

Judge for yourself when Traci hits these shores in the near future to promote the record with a series of personal appearances. America gave us Traci Lords, and we sent them Sam Fox. Sounds like a good deal to us, huh? ♣

Controversy continues to surround the recent sighting by the crew of a British Airways Boeing 737 of an unidentified flying object. Having flown across the Continent on a flight from Italy on January 6th, the pilot and co-pilot – Roger Wills and Mark Stuart – informed ground control of a manifestation that came so close to the plane that it caused them to duck behind the controls inside the cockpit. They then watched in amazement as the UFO disappeared around the side of their aircraft. The authority that investigates near misses in the air – the Air Miss Working Group – were sent all the usual documentation and all of a sudden a veil of secrecy was thrown around the incident and Messrs Wills and Stuart declined to comment any further on the matter. Spooky.

Weird, wild and wacky stories from around the globe...

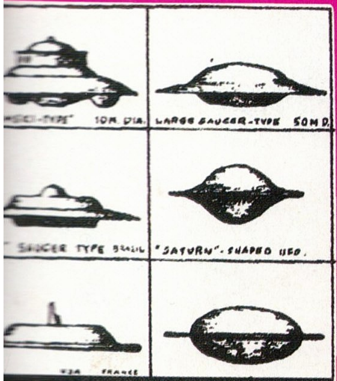
TALK



Peter Walstaw from Cologne was surprised recently when dozens of cats stampeded through his living room. What caused particular bemusement was that he recognised two of the animals as none other than his pets, Luthar and Jurgen, whom he thought had died and had buried in his back garden two years earlier.

"I was watching television when I heard a lot of scratching and suddenly all these cats started pouring out from behind a bookcase," said an astonished Mr Walstaw. "I was startled and ran out of the room. When I came back I found Lothar and Jurgen and at least sixteen other cats running around the room. They were wild as hell."

Apparently his pets had not died two years earlier, but had mistakenly consumed a considerable amount of cannabis resin that Mr Walstaw had left lying around his living room, thus plunging his feline friends into a deep coma. "I did notice the drugs were missing, but I was more upset at the apparent sudden death of my cats,"

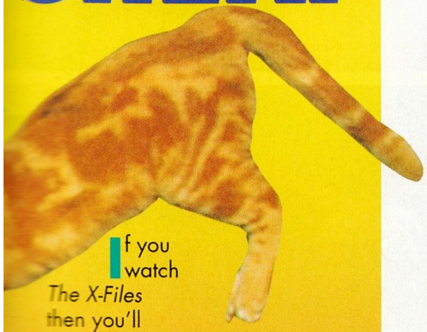


ssifying UFOs – a pseudo scientific
ercise

explained Peter. It seems the cats awoke from their drug stupor and decided to, like, set up their own commune – under Peter's floorboards. Cool.

Yes, it's true that people will buy anything. Recently one of the very first prototype condoms ever made was put up for auction in Sweden – and was sold for £5,000 to Lars Knarshal. Bet he won't be putting that over his head and blowing it up at parties.

CHEAP



If you watch *The X-Files* then you'll know all about alien abduction. The victims are only ever aware of their plight when they become confused, check their watches and discover that five hours have passed in the space of a few minutes.

This recently happened to three night-shift workers travelling along the A227 in Gravesend who were found dazed in the middle of a cornfield beside their transit van at 12.35am. They claimed that it couldn't have been later than 9pm as they were on their way to work for a 9.30pm start. There were no skidmarks on the road, and the fence around the field was unbroken. Since this incident one of them has emigrated whilst another has been diagnosed as suffering from post traumatic stress disorder. X- traordinary. ♣

café bleeurrgh!

Forget the boozer. If you want to pick up chicks in your breaktime **Jason Jewel** reckons the coolest place to go is the nearest greasy spoon...

The potency of a strong cup of coffee is often underestimated. I hadn't drunk coffee until I was 21. My parents had one of those hideous middle-class streaks running through them that demanded they give their kids milk. Hippies. By the time I was old enough to choose, it was too late, I hated coffee.
For the rest of my teens I was doomed to be left out of one of the strongest threads that unites different races, classes and ugly people in society.

"Who's going to make the coffee then?"

The Socialist Workers Party, feminists and Anti-Nazi League won't bring people together with left wing, right wing or politics. Cigarettes, alcohol and strong coffee will. Believe me.

America's been undergoing a cafe revolution for years. Ever the drama queens, the citizens of the USA are obsessed with getting sober and Alcoholics Anonymous is fashionable. Even Aerosmith have declared their current tour as alcohol-free. People are saying "Look, you don't really need a beer, do you?" Of course I do.

We all need addictions to hold the day together and like the junkie replacing his brown for methadone, American society is rapidly replacing alcohol with coffee. Cafes are springing up everywhere and of course there are cool cafes and uncool cafes.

Now the word has spread to the UK. Whilst the trend may not have reached Stockport, in many cities it has become increasingly acceptable to be under thirty and seen hanging around a cafe – even when the pubs are open.

I decided to take the Sunday paper and a pack of fags around a sample of different cafes to judge their beans.

"It's now acceptable to be seen in a cafe – even when the pubs are open"

Cafe Toto, Camden, NW1

Cafe Toto is the worst example of the new wave of cafes that are spreading like rabies through Britain. Self-consciously trendy, Toto's is packed with people nodding their heads to goatee-bearded musicians playing a tenth rate *Now That's What I Call Crazy Funk* soundtrack.

McDonalds, everyfuckingwhere

There's no excuse to actually drink coffee in McDonalds, unless you don't drink coffee, and after a McDonalds' coffee you'll never want to drink coffee again.

The Greasy Spoon

Details vary from place to place and we're all going to have our personal favourites, but you're going to find greasy spoons in every town throughout Britain serving bacon butties, egg and chips. I live in North London which has a high percentage of young people (albeit nestled between mad Irish blokes, prostitutes, junkies and suits) and you'll often see pretty girls, but generally 'spoons don't have a great reputation as pulling joints. The grade of coffee in these places vary from adequate to shit. Don't ask for a cafe latte or cream or they'll think you're a puff. It's black, or with milk and the only varieties are with sugar or without.

Cyberia, Whitefield Street, London W1

Cyberia is the first British cafe to embrace the Internet. The Internet was developed in preparation for World War Three so that in the midst of chaos, computers could communicate and simultaneously launch each other's missiles. In 1995, the Internet has thirty million users worldwide communicating via their computers and accessing the huge pool of information.

For £2.50 (£1.90, unwaged) you can spend half an hour at a terminal. The staff are helpful and will gladly show you the ropes and help you to a variety of different coffees and cakes. Originally opened as women-only, Cyberia is full of hairy blokes who make techno. Don't be put off though, people have fallen in love over the Internet. 1995's answer to C.B. radio.

Supermodel Cafe

Recently opened in New York along the lines of the equally unhip Hard Rock cafes, the real question I want to know is, do supermodels Naomi, Cindy and Kate – in the tradition of Kathy Beale – run the cafe themselves? Can't see it, really. Besides, I doubt Naomi could stir a cup of tea, let alone run a cafe. ♣

Photographs by Maria Clarke

tina hayes sex babe!

Hiya, ball boys! Welcome to live coverage of this lady's double...

I love sports gear – it's so sexy! How else could I get away with bouncing about in a skirt that barely hides my bum, flashing my white panties to a crowd of posh people sucking strawberries? Answers on a postcard, please!

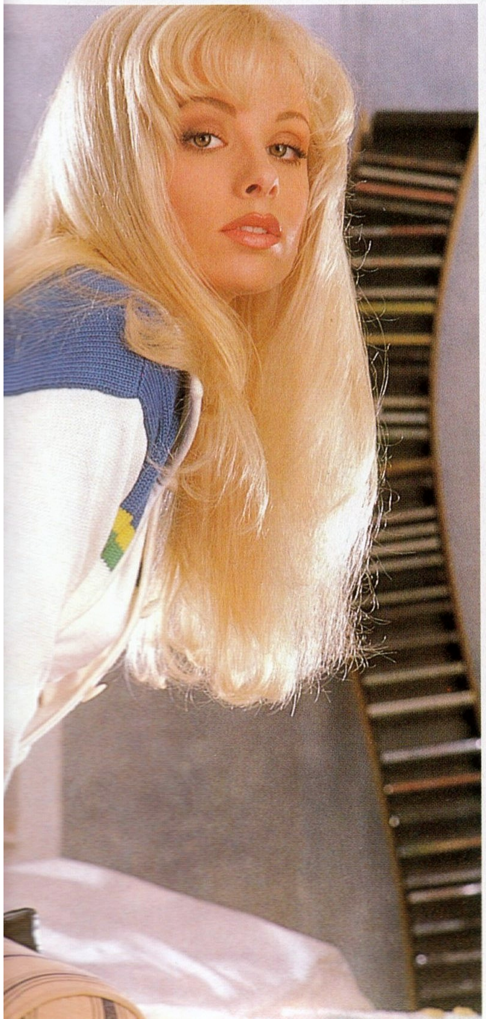
Nothing gets my pussy more drenched in deuce than the thought of being shagged on the centre court. The feeling of the grass on my bare bum as you pull down my knickers, your tongue teasing my tits between sets, the commentator crying, "Oh, I say!" as you serve your ace right into my end! It's the only way I'll ever get seeded at Wimbledon!

Since I'm bound to lose, I wouldn't mind being licked by one of the ladies either – in the showers, of course! It must be lezzie heaven in there. They could give me their best shot anytime.

Sadly the only way I'll get to Wimbledon is by tube. Still, getting dressed up for you in my tennis gear has at least provided one set to love. And had me fondling my pussy at the thought of a mixed double with Agassi and Sabatini in my bedroom! That's the trouble with tennis, I always end up playing with myself!

Tina
xx

If you want TINA to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.



letters to tina

Dear Tina,

I'm speechless after seeing your photographs in the latest issue of Club (Vol 24 No 5). You're the sexiest woman I've ever seen! I just had to write and tell you how horny you make me feel. Your lovely tits, that thoroughly lickable bum, your long legs and your beautiful face just knocks me out.

In my fantasy, I come home from work and decide to take a shower. As I climb the stairs, I can hear the sound of running water coming from the bathroom and go and investigate. I can't believe my eyes – you're standing there naked in the shower! You're directing the jets of warm water over your stiff nipples and slipping a slim finger deep inside your tight cunt. You moan loudly as you work it around, bringing yourself to an intense and satisfying climax.

It's too much for me now, I quickly strip off and join you in the shower. You drop to your knees straight away and begin to soap up my balls, running your hand up and down the length of my shaft and bringing to the edge of orgasm. I have to have you now.

Easing apart your legs, I guide my cock inside you and I can feel your cunt gripping me tight as I start fucking you. I can soon feel myself coming and I speed up the pace until I shoot my load deep inside you. I hope you like the sound of my fantasy, Tina ... – *Philip, Switzerland*

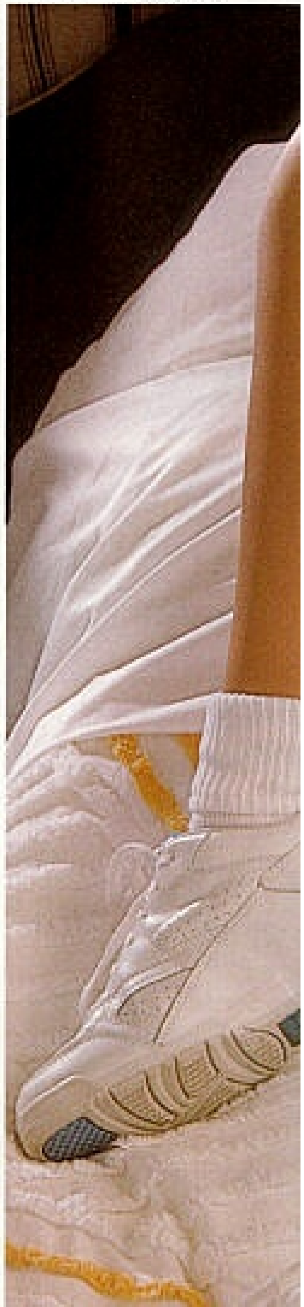
I always like to hear of the reader's fantasies, Philip, and it's nice to see from someone outside this country – although I have to admit I've always fancied a Swiss roll! Joking aside, I have to admit that I love fucking in the shower; there's something incredibly horny about feeling cool jets of

water running over my boobs as a hot dick slides inside my pussy!

Dear Tina,
The pictures of you dressed as a French maid in the latest issue of Club (Vol 24 No 5) were really stunning, and I haven't been able to stop thinking about you since. I just had to write in and tell you my fantasy.

It's a quiet weekday afternoon and I've gone for a sauna at my local leisure centre. I'm in there on my own, naked, when you come in wearing a two-piece bikini. I reach for my towel, but you get there before me and toss it to one side. You smile and then sit directly opposite me. I can see your nipples poking through your top and I have trouble disguising the fact that my prick is rapidly growing.

I needn't worry, as you



suddenly stand up and unclasp your bra and then drop to your knees in front of me. Wrapping your titty flesh around my swollen shaft, you begin to wank me, licking the head of my cock on every upward stroke.

I'm in ecstasy and as the pace increases, I let out a yell as I come. Ahhh, sheer heaven, Tina, how about it?
– Colin, Beverley

I'm sure we'd both need cooling down after working up such a sweat in the sauna, Colin! I've always fancied fucking in a swimming pool, and I'm certain we could find one in a leisure centre couldn't we? I'd strip naked and jump into the water and then I'd start swimming. You'd have to catch me first, then I'd let you fuck me right there in the water. But don't worry, Colin, I'm not a very good swimmer! ♣

Tune In, Turn On, and Cock Out

Saucy snapshots from Freak Power, Winona's Ryder's beaver and Jo Guest. **James T Bone** trawls the world of music to bring you the latest sleaze

Watch out, Beadle's about – Ashley Beadle that is. The geezer with a head like a baby's arse is the mighty mouth behind **Freak Power**, the group who provided the music for the last Levi's advert. The song *Tune In, Turn On & Cop Out* soared to the top of the charts and Ashley and the rest of the band seem to have been in permanent party mode ever since.

Our main picture shows ol' Slaphead wreaking havoc with a four-foot inflatable pecker, no doubt celebrating the band's chart success and their recent escape from the long arm of the law. The six members of the group were detained by police in Ireland after a search of their tour bus turned up a variety of illicit substances, but they were let off when Ashley impressed the fuzz with his legendary 'I can eat my own hand' trick (seen here). Common sense would obviously have dictated that our Ashley should have necked the drugs instead, but we won't argue the point – especially when there's a bald nutter wielding a gargantuan blow-up penis on the loose.

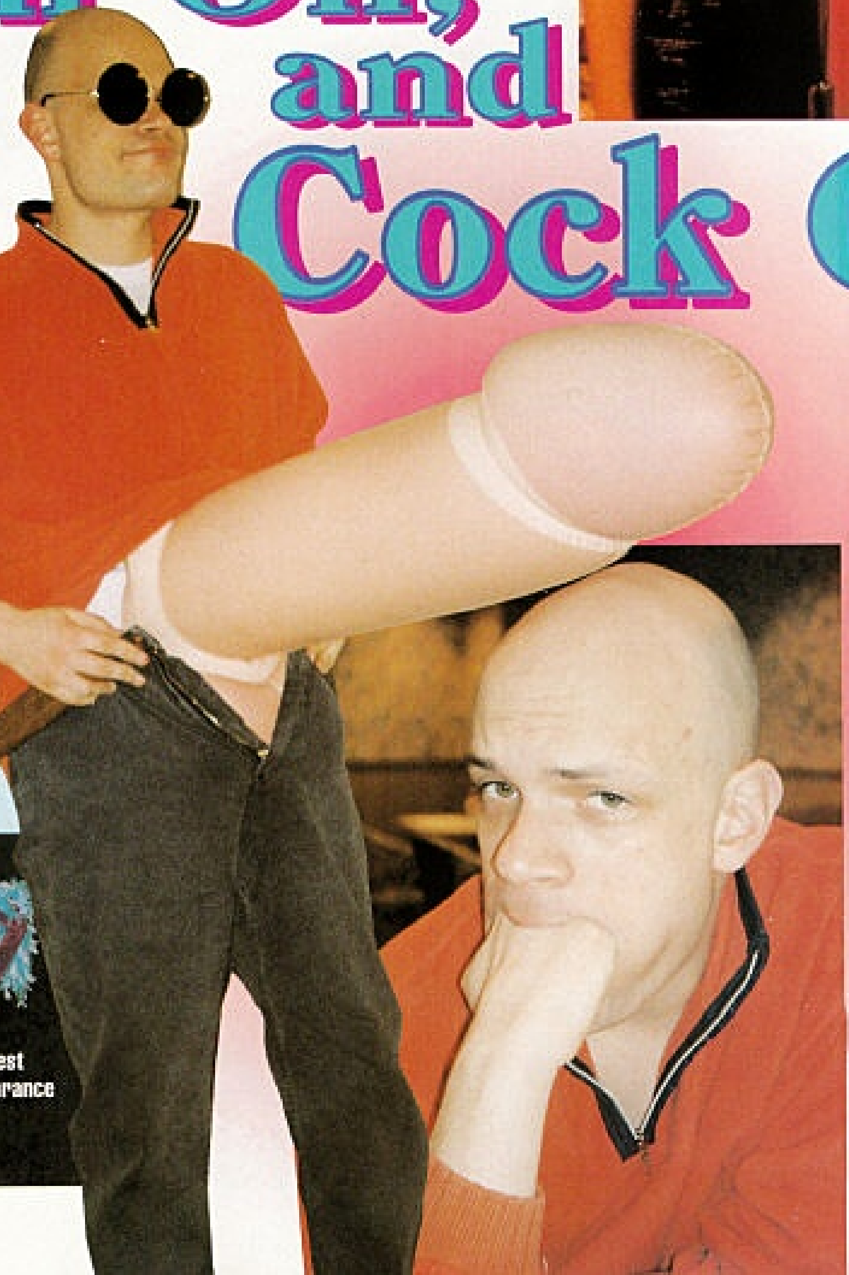
- American band **Primus** look set to incur the wrath of Soul Asylum singer, Dave Pirner, who's been lucky enough to be stepping out with Winona Ryder of late. The band have immortalised their admiration for the actress in a song on their new album, *Tales From The Punch Bowl*. And the title of their charming paean? *Winona's Big Brown Beaver*. Nice one, guys.

- Another fanny fixated band currently making waves across the Atlantic are **The Muffs.** The four-piece group share the same manager as pseudo-punks Green Day. And the same record producer. And the same record label. Heck, they've even been hanging out with the band too. And what do they sound like? Funnily enough, exactly like Green Day with a girl singer. Still, if you like that sort of thing it's worth checking out their debut album, *Blonder And Blonder*.

- It's been said that you shouldn't judge a record by its cover, but if the cover of *The House Collection Volume 2* is anything to go by then the music must be pretty damn hot! Featuring a sizzling snap of Club regular **Jo Guest**, we haven't actually got around to listening to the music yet but you can judge for yourself 'cos we've got ten copies to give away. Simply drop us a postcard with your name and address and the first ten out of Ms Guest's bra win a signed copy of the triple LP.

- What would you think if your dentist suddenly decided he wanted to

Johnny Depp
P*** off!



Freak Power's
Ashley: dick on head

The House Collec
Volume 2: triple
presents:
george
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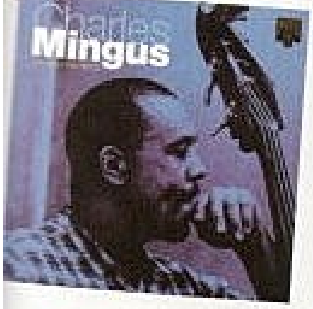
Guest
appearance

become a chef? Or your plumber threw away his plunger and picked up a set of curling tongs and rollers instead? You'd laugh, right? So why the fuck do film stars keep trying to make music?

We've already had **Keanu Reeves** making an abominable racket with his band **Dogstar** – which by all accounts was as insufferable as his acting – and now we hear movie star **Johnny Depp** and his band, P, have been given a $1,000,000 advance by Capitol Records.

P for (s)Pawny little git, obviously.

check
out the
groove
16 Dance Hits of the 70s & 80s



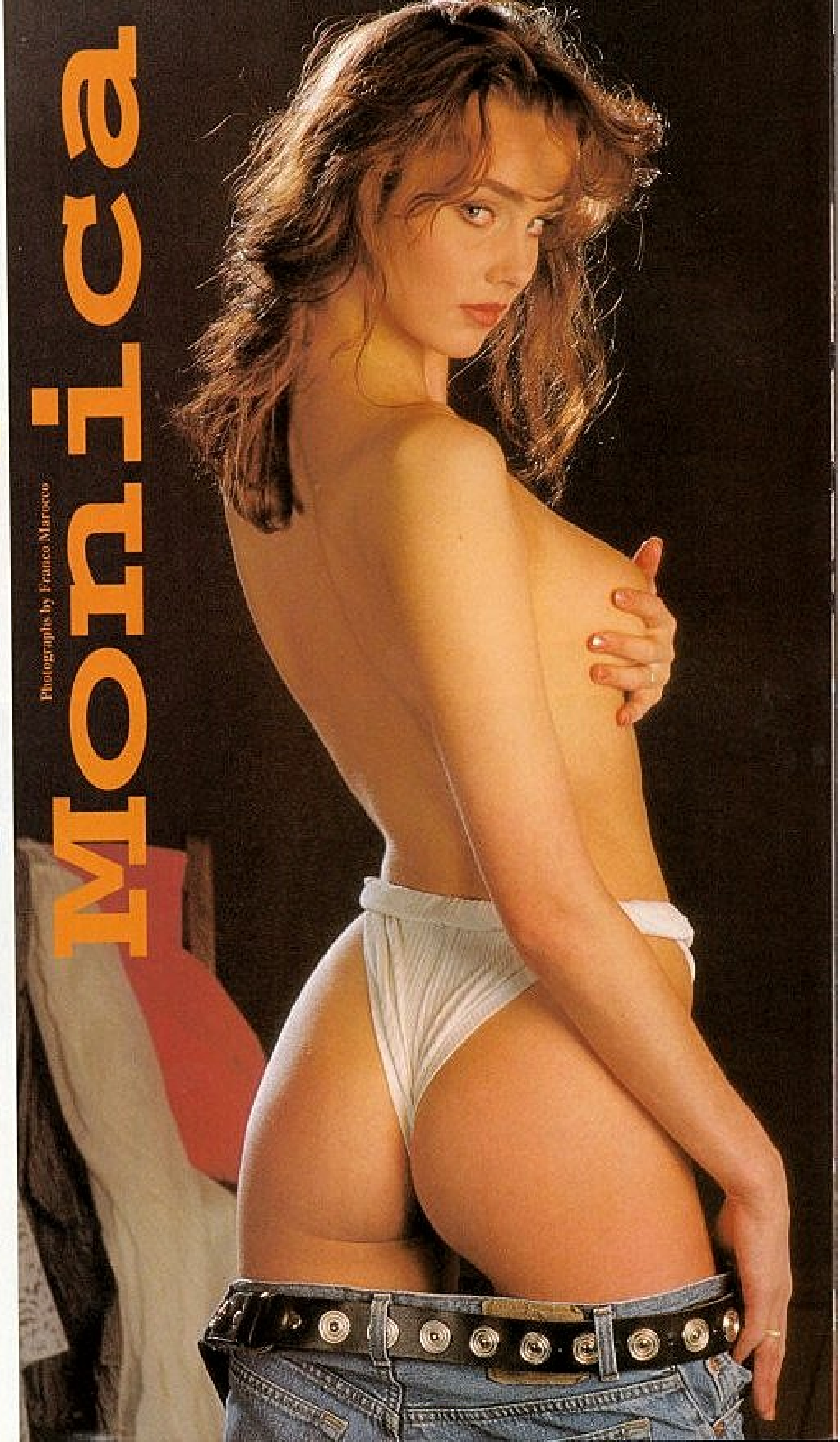
● Finally, you don't get anything for nothing these days, unless you're a top music journalist as I am *(Ha! Ha! – The Ed)* and record companies send you free CDs.

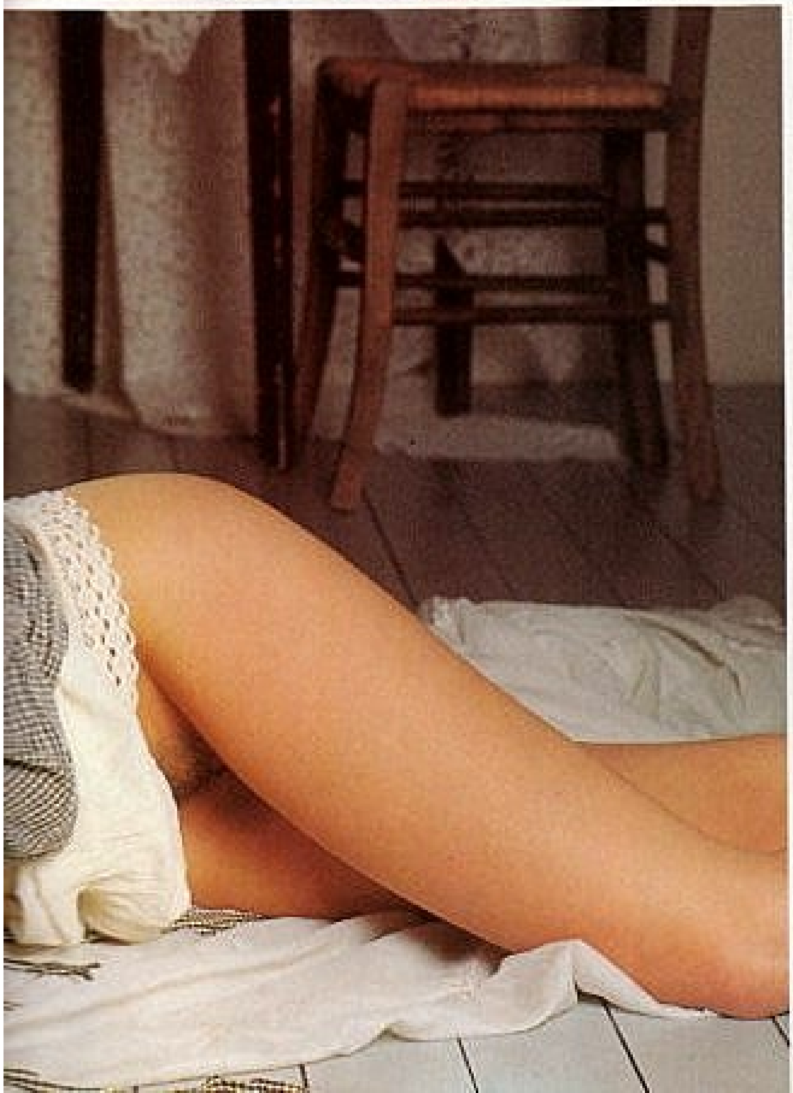
Those nice people at Music Club have done just that so I must give a full-on mention to the fuck-out grooves of mad cap **George Clinton**, the smokey laidback ambience of **Charlie Mingus** and an outrageously raucous 70s disco compilation that all come out this month at the budget price of £5.99.

Party on. ♣

Monica

Photographs by Franco Marocco





If 21-year-old Monica offers to show you her home movies, don't turn it down expecting wobbly shots of boring foreign sights. The Middlesbrough lass keeps her camcorder in the bedroom! "I've watched dozens of dirty videos, and always thought I could do better so I bought the camera and turned myself into the world's filthiest film star."

Monica's movies are far too blue to ever go on sale. "I do a great on-screen blow job; slow and seductive and so close-up you can see the lipstick trails on the shaft of his cock," she boasts. "And I've even taught my fella to fuck me on my side so the camera can see his cock sliding into my snatch. It's great to do, and so horny to watch. We never bother with the BBC at all now!" ♣

C'mon baby, light my fag!

Despite the Government's attempts to stop us, cool people are smoking more than ever. **Jason Jewel** says goodbye to his lungs and gives you the low down on the best brands...

When I was growing up my dad always told me how ugly he found women who smoked. Maybe that had something to do with the five years of hypnotists, self-help tapes and nicotine patches he needed to stop smoking. He was obviously just jealous. After all, my dad hadn't really wanted to stop smoking, his mind had been poisoned by my mum who was really a secret agent working on behalf of the State.

My dad was an artist, what's he supposed to do? If all artists rode roller-blades, drank mineral water, listened to whale noises and ate seaweed, what would art be like? Likewise, what would Oasis be like without cigarettes, high cholesterol and gin and tonic? I'll tell you where they'd be, with Paul McCartney and his dull wife eating vegetarian sausages producing banal decaffeinated coffee-table music.

Every morning I wake up coughing and wheezing. I feel like I'm going to be sick and I cough up a mouthful of black phlegm from the pit of my lungs. I feel great. I want another fag.

My dad actually got fat when he gave up fags. Who cares? I enjoy being a wreck. I had my first cigarette when I was 11 years old. I used to hang around the local park and smoke Consulates so my parents couldn't smell it on my breath. There was something incredibly overpowering about dragging on a fag. Lemmy from Motorhead smoked.

As I grew older, I began to distinguish between and appreciate different cigarettes and their qualities, or lack of them. Personally, I smoke a lot, probably about 40 a day. I don't wear a watch. My Marlboros are my clock. I wake up, I smoke a fag, go out. My time is structured around the next fag. Addictions offer order to life and I'd much rather smoke fags than look at a wrist watch. Lighting up another cigarette in a nightclub, I can accurately guage the moment to approach the girl in the short dress that I've been checking out since my last fag. A state of the art Casio G-Shock watch won't do that.

Oh and dad, you were wrong, girls and cigarettes are really sexy. And great for slimming too. Sure, whenever I stop smoking I'll have to replace the fags for crisps, and if you're twenty stone and seriously considering smoking as a dietary plan, you'll die before you look good.

Smoke 'em if you got 'em...

LUCKY STRIKE
FILTERS

Benson & Hedges (12mg tar)

Hugely popular, Benson's appeal is lost on me (unless I'm drunk and you're offering). They have special filters. If I wanted 'special' filters I'd stop smoking.

Silk Cut (7mg tar)

Stronger than they appear. Silk Cut's reputation as a smooth smoke is fair enough. They are smooth on your throat, but whilst drinking beer they're not always strong enough to grip your throat and attention. Girl friendly.

NEW
CAMEL
MILD
SMOOTH CAMEL TASTE

SENIOR SERVICE
TOBACCO SERIOUSLY DAMAGES HEALTH

Marlboro (13mg tar)

John Wayne smoked Marlboros. In the States, Marlboro's promotion is synonymous with men on horses being American, which probably goes to explain the conspiracy theory that Marlboro is owned by the Ku Klux Klan. Can you spot the three Ks on the pack?

Marlboro Lights (6mg tar)

Coming from a company steeped in rednecks, were Lights launched for the women's market? Half as strong, you see. I smoke Lights because I'm a big fan of the vintage Marlboro taste and I can smoke twice the amount and still swallow the following morning. Popular amongst girls.

Senior Service (15mg tar)

Without filters, and the mainstay of old people, Senior Service are perfect at 6am after being up for 48 hours with black coffee. Always impresses girls.

Lambert & Butler (12mg tar)

Strong and particularly

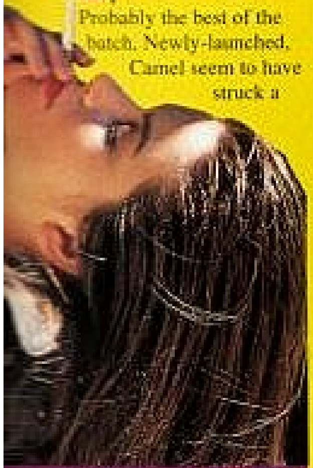
the filter paper
COVER CHICK
cassie does it with her hands

Marlboro
LIGHTS

cheap. Lambert and Butler taste like dirt. If you're the sort of person who thinks decent taste is just for posh knobs (it's not) I'm sure you won't mind these. Keep them, I'd rather smoke shit.

Silk Cut Ultra Low (1mg tar)
If you don't want to smoke, don't smoke. Don't encourage this.

Camel Lights (9mg tar)
Probably the best of the batch. Newly-launched, Camel seem to have struck a ratio of health risk and smokability to rival Coke's soft drink recipe.



Consulate (8mg tar)
For women and children only.

Lucky Strikes
As with Marlboros, you can buy Luckys in soft packets and pretend to be cool. I started smoking because it looked cool, and although my interests in smoking have developed, I still want to look the part. If I'm going to spend £2.80 on a pack of cigarettes, I want to get value for money and a packet that looks cool is still integral to why I smoke. ♣

sabrina

Photographs by Maria Clarke

Sabrina, our sexy student from Portsmouth is back again, and she's looking just as beautiful as she was last time we saw her in Club (Vol 23 No 2). What's her secret? "Sex, and lots of it!" giggles the 20-year-old. "I promised myself I'd do more work at college this term, but there's just been too many distractions."

Such as, Sabrina?

"All those single horny men for a start," she explains. "And I've graduated

this term – onto girls! I could never give up men altogether, but there's something completely different about women. They take things nice and slow with lots of kissing and stroking. It's wonderful to feel a tongue licking over my sensitive nipples and then plunging deep into my pussy. At least I've learnt something this term!"♣

CLUBLAND CAPERS

From the cellar to the basement, **Phil Strongman** takes you into his slightly damp and dimly lit world of night people

Wednesday The Stranglers are having a boat party to celebrate something or other. But something's changed. "Hi, I'm a Strangler!" some youngster drunkenly beams. "No you're not," I say indignantly. But he is. Nearly all the Men in Black are new boys now – only Jean-Jacques remaining. Never mind, their new album *About Time* sounds like a serious return to form. The wine goes down a treat. I end up hearing various horror stories about a Northern-actor-cum-celebrity whose ego has grown to the stage where it now threatens a total eclipse of the sun. Jimmy Hard, as we shall call him, recently sacked a couple of assistants on a film set. When the director asked him why, the great man replied, "Because, you sad soft southern shite, they called me Jimmy! I don't know them so they should call me Mister Hard."

The Borderline
GUEST
1995

Saturday, 11pm I'm at the house of musician Jem, formerly of EMI's star signing of 1993, The Dreaming. It seems that Jem is no longer with EMI but since he can still roll a joint the size of the Sunday Telegraph nobody cares – least of all Jem. He tells me of a recent incident in New York when his mate got into a lift with the great jazz performer Chick Corea. "Hi, you're Chick Corea, aren't you?" said Jem's pal.

"Fuck off!" snarled Chick.

Jem's pal then had to wait in silence as the lift slowly crawled up 37 floors before Corea got out. A similar thing happened to Jez Poole when he, as a stuttering teenager, saw Joe Jackson and his girlfriend having a quiet drink in the Pig In The Poke pub.

"Hi Joe," said Poole as his mates watched.

"You can fuck right off, kid," said Jackson. Jez, though, couldn't stand to lose face so he leapt on Jackson, fists flailing.

3pm I'm in the Hip Hop/Trip Hop flat of some Muswell Hill-billys, all of us having done more skunk than anyone has a right to, watching the digital VU meters go up and down as they explain the meaning of life. I wonder why I'm not asleep and then I remember someone pouring sulphate into my glass in the toilet of some dodgy club. Where was that? Who am I? Is this any way to run a fucking ballroom?

Thursday, 1pm I'm at the trendy Atlantic Bar on a tip-off. "'Ere, Phil, get down there, it's a lig," said the voice mysteriously. They weren't kidding as the bucks fizz and the waitresses circulate. After a couple of blurred hours I murmur a heart-felt question to some (designer) suit. "What are we here for? What idiot organised this?"

"I did," says the suit, who turns out to be my old mucker Andy Woodford. Andy was an A&R man for eight years at Virgin. Andy has now fallen on his feet, as he always does, at Westway Events where he's Marketing Director.

"But Andy, what's this for? What are you launching?"

"Joan," he lisps as he disappears into the throng. Launching Joan? I'm still pondering this when Joan Armatrading leaps from the crowd and does her unplugged thing. I leave.

5pm I'm sitting in blistering sunshine outside the Carlisle Arms in Soho. Rita, the much-loved manageress, is pouring the drink with a generous hand when Iona wanders in. The latter is the PR Queen of Acid Jazz records and she has several exotic friends in tow. Marie is a go-go dancer (who's wearing, incidentally, a seriously short psychedelic fuck-me dress), Fiona is something in something and Amanda runs a club in Torquay. Being alone with these four is too good to last and, of course, it doesn't as painter *Martin Mann* saunters in. Within minutes the girls are all fussing over him. Jesus.

12pm The Troy Club where our hostess, Helen (Helen of Troy, see?) is six sheets to the wind and about to hoist the seventh. I'm furiously eavesdropping as some short-suited female yuppie admits to her would-be suitor, "I only have sex when I'm pissed." The suitor beats me to it and offers her a large drink, what else can you do?, and then gets his face slapped. I wince.

Friday, 1pm The Panic CDs arrive. They've been printed back to front and don't credit me with the brilliant sleeve design and the song credits aren't quite right but, sigh, apart from that they're perfect. They do sound pretty good, funnily enough, so now I've just got to sit back and wait for the weeklies to slag it off... ♣

MON
BUS

Have a break. Have a quick wank. **Rob Swift** examines the secret world of tea break tossing

Wanking, spanking the monkey, beating your bishop: whatever you call it, we all do it. Though not all of us wait till bedtime for a five knuckle shuffle. Some of us manage to fit a quick toss or three into our daily routines. Lorry drivers, for instance, are notorious wankers, positioning a bucket between their legs and using their elevated driving position to full advantage on those long, dull journeys around the country. Tea breaks in offices and factories the world over are merely euphemisms for a fag and a flog. And it's not just the blokes who are at it, either. A plumber friend once told me how he had spent a whole day removing numerous vibrators and dildos from the pipes and cisterns in the ladies toilet of a large insurance company.

SMASH HITS
FREE!
who?

MOST POPULAR WANKING FODDER BEFORE YOU BOUGHT CLUB

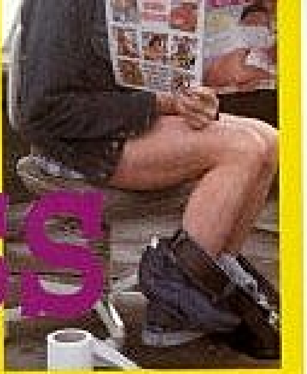
The undies section in your mum's Freemans clothing catalogues
Pirrelli calendars
Helmut Newton photography books
Photos of supermodels in Vogue
Holiday snaps of your sister's mates going topless on the beach
Your mum's fitness videos
Dancers on Top of the Pops
Pictures of Debbie Harry/Madonna in Smash Hits depending on how old you are
Saucy adverts in Cosmopolitan
Shower adverts in the Sunday supplements

Even what we think about when we're break time wanking is the same everywhere. There are six distinct stages:

1) When you're young, free and single you spend every spare five minutes conjuring up images of Claudia Schiffer licking out Cindy Crawford in a Club-style photo-shoot.

2) You've just got yourself a girlfriend so you stop wanking. She doesn't really like you to wank and you'd feel a bit guilty about it. Besides, you're getting so much sex every night that you don't

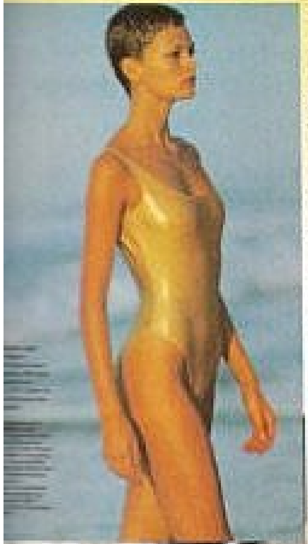
KEY NESS



need to beat the old meat.

3) You're still in the relationship, but you're bored at work so every tea break you're off to the bogs to toss off. You salve your guilty conscience by fantasising over your girlfriend and what she did to your dick the night before.

4) The relationship has become a little boring. Your increasingly frequent wanking fantasies start to include your girlfriend's best mate or her sister.



5) You never want sex with your girlfriend anymore because you've done nothing but toss off all day so she chucks you. You don't really care because you don't even fancy her now.

6) You're young, free and single so you spend every spare five minutes conjuring up images of Claudia Schiffer licking out Cindy Crawford in a Club-style photo-shoot...

I challenge any bloke to deny it. Now I'm off. It's time for my tea break. ♣

Gossard
essential extravagance

Matt Moore meets the multi-talented club king Sean McLusky...

BOXING CLEVER

leisure
lounge

His old man illustrated the adventures of James Bond in the comic that launched 007, and Sean McLusky's career illustrates a continually changing London night life that over the past ten years has both influenced and reflected what the young people in this country get up to.

Running from Welwyn Garden City to London to join a band, Sean served his apprenticeship in legendary punk-cum-jazz band Subway Sect, banging the drums on the early 80s circuit supporting bands such as Bauhaus ("goths were throwing bottles at us"). But it wasn't until he got together with his mates, The Joe Boxers, that Sean's antics received widespread notoriety and three Top Of The Pops appearances, with their biggest hit *The Boxer Beat*.

So, what exactly was *The Boxer Beat* about, Sean?

"I think it was in the grand tradition of the senseless soul dance from the 1960s like the Cool Jerk."

The Joe Boxers, for about twelve months, were what current media darlings Menswear are now, invited to the best parties in town and in *Smash Hits* being chased by girls and taking loads of drugs.

The band fizzled out, avoiding an inevitable slow death and the cabaret circuit, and Sean started DJing and got involved in promoting sulphate-induced Northern soul all-nighters before hooking up with Keith Haring protégé Mark Wigan. Wigan and Sean began promoting soul and funk nights and in 1990 they conceived the legendary Brain Club at 11 Wardour Street in central London.

Originally an empty rent-boy club called the Apollo, The Brain turned the former club on its head encouraging an 'anything can happen' attitude. It did.

"When all the other clubs were going to Ibiza on tour, we went to Iceland. We went to Reykjavik with fifty complete nutters. We got on the news saying we were in Iceland to de-stabilise the government."

Sean's multi-media techno-rock project ff? had been launched during The Brain, and by the time their new club Love Ranch opened at Leicester Square's Maximus in 1992, they were being tipped as the next [illegible] ff?'s fusion of rock and house was short-lived, but they did make money for the remixers and reflected Love Ranch's house and live punk rock gigs crossover attitude.

The Love Ranch was a reaction against acid house, and the influence of the club's punk mentality is still evident today. Skinheads, scantily-clad girls, leather, sex, drugs, decadence, dressing up and the abusive doorman Jason and Reece ("Fuck off, you look shit!") made the Ranch unmissable, as did reckless performances from bands such as Fabulous.

"Half the crowd was an up-for-it West End, don't-give-a-shit-what-the-music-is-like-just-a-great-place-to-be-taking-loads-of-drugs-and-going-mental; and the other half were punters who-had-to-be-there, and who paid for the guest list for the rest of us."

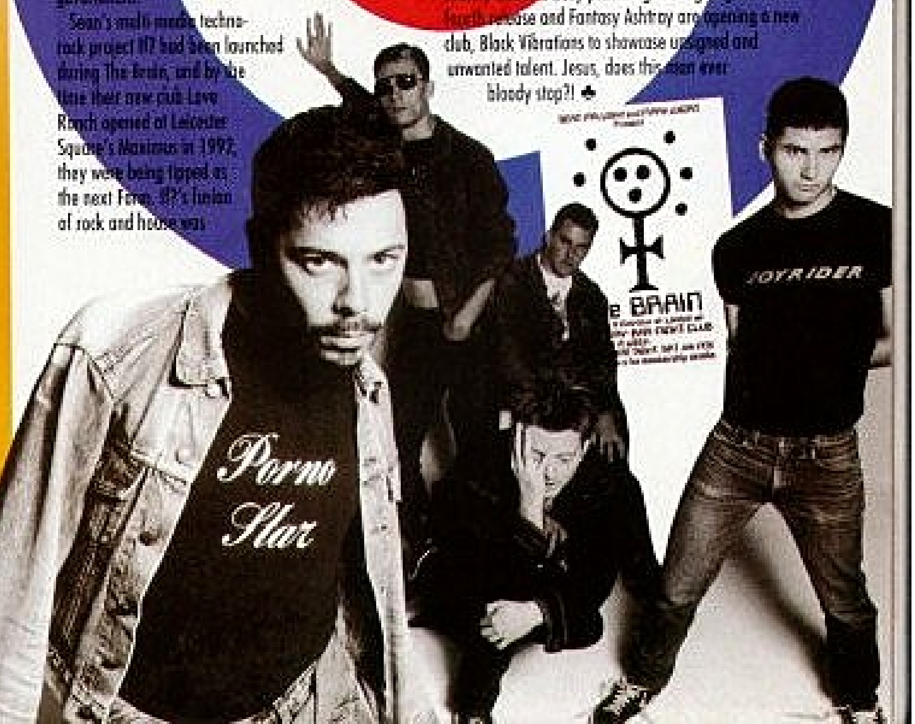
For a while, the partner's took the piss and simultaneously launched a club 100 metres up the road called Merry England, but within 12 months both clubs were history.

Since then Sean has launched both Club UK and The Leisure Lounge. Both venues were specifically created for the 'club scene'. With a steady stream of punters every weekend, it has allowed Sean both the time and money to spend his profits on his own projects.

"I spend my money on dubious rock bands that are guaranteed not to sell," he admits. "I love spending money on things that make me laugh."

Things like Fantasy Ashtray Records. Inspired by the 1993 club of the same name, there are already three releases under Sean's belt. Two by his current band Speedway have received favourable press attention, Johnny Death is busy practising in his garage for the fourth release and Fantasy Ashtray are opening a new club, Black Vibrations to showcase unsigned and unwanted talent. Jesus, does this man ever bloody stop?! ♣

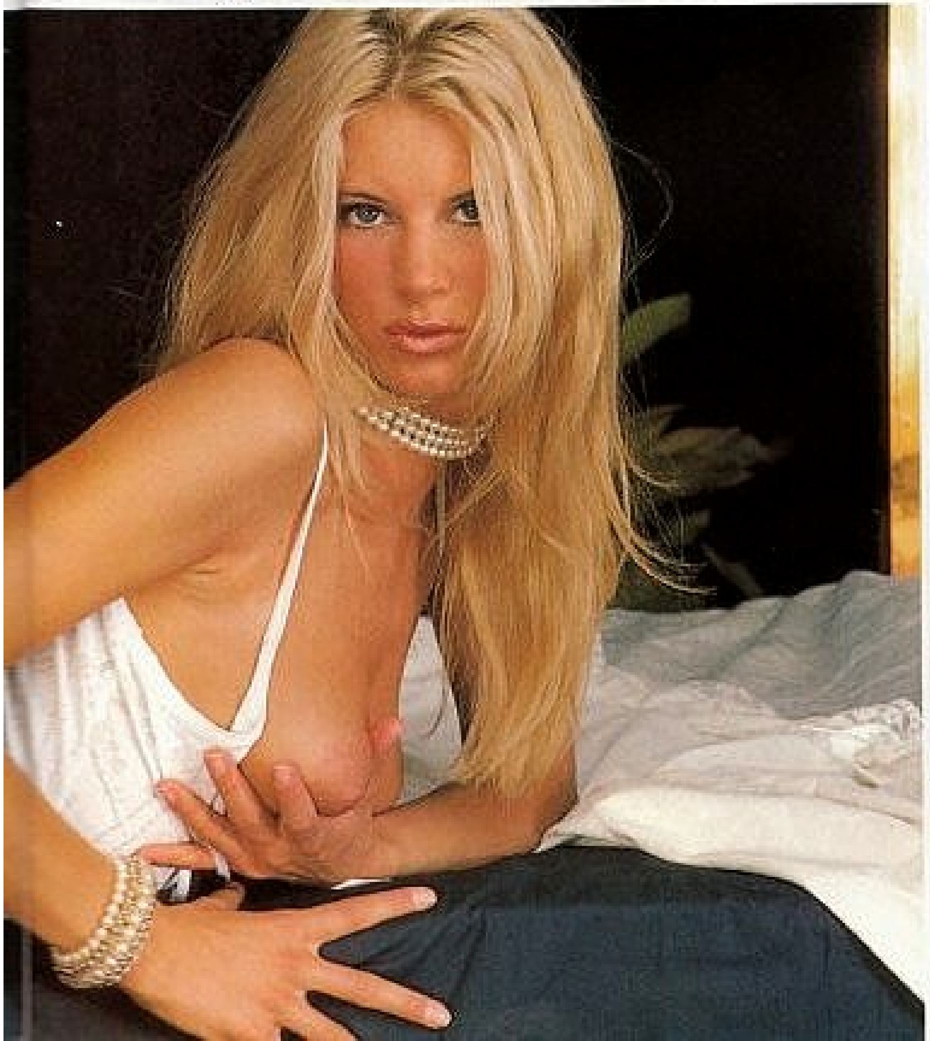
> I love spending money on things that make me laugh



Seldom can there be a girl as seductive as Suzie. Those eyes, the expression that says, 'Come here and I'll fuck you so hard your balls will ache for weeks!' What a woman... "Why thank you!" says the Bristol girl modestly. "I must admit I have tried most things to do with sex – threesomes, bondage, rubber, lesbianism – and loved them all! Being deliberately dirty is such a turn-on, and the more outrageous I

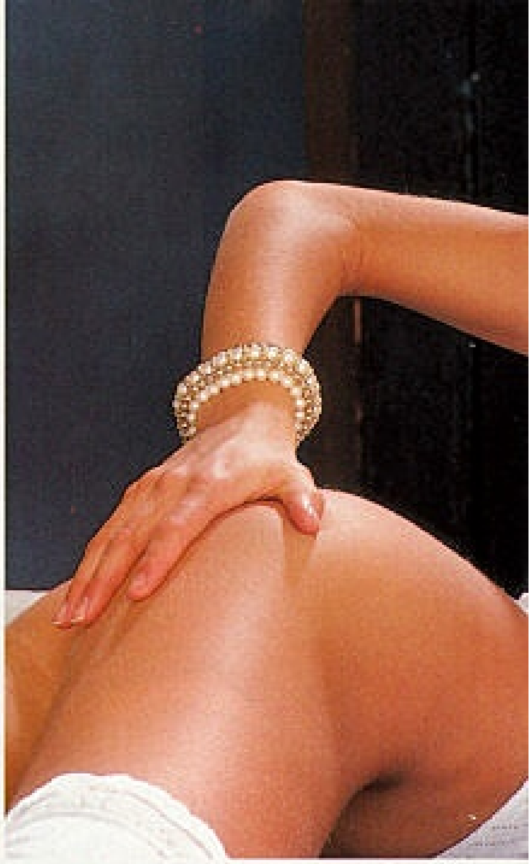
Photographs by John Graham

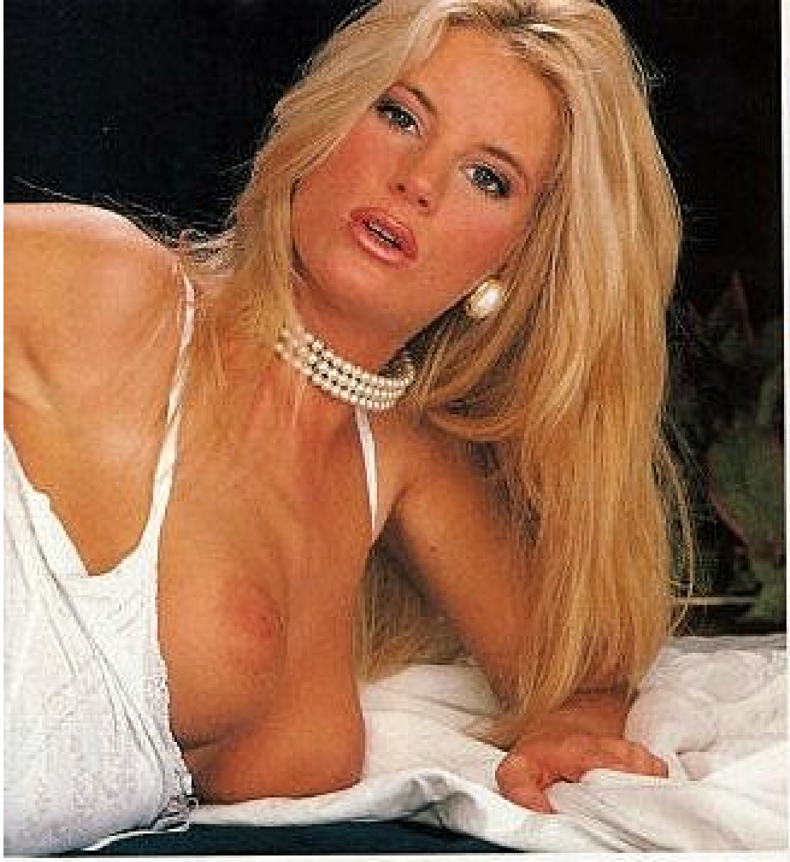
suzie



get the hornier I feel. Posing for these pictures had me so wet I was squirming in my seat on the train home. I was so hot I picked up a fella in the pub and made him fuck me in the car park! He was completely worn out, but it was wonderful. Please invite me back soon, I'll make it worth your while!"

See what we mean? ♣





Sticky Wickets

Is there anyone out there who can save English cricket? **Maurice Short** reckons it's doomed, although a gruff Northerner who looks like an extra from Reservoir Dogs is going to try his best...

During his playing days Essex batsman Keith 'Gnome' Fletcher once said that the West Indian pace attack was so frightening he even had to watch the match highlights from behind the sofa. Having been relieved of his position as England manager after this winter's debacle Down Under, Fletcher will be free to watch this summer's series against the Windies from behind whichever piece of furniture he chooses. Chairman of the Selectors, Raymond Illingworth, has taken Gnome's place as team manager which means he is now doing two jobs.

Illingworth has been advocating the appointment of a soccer-style supremo to manage the England cricket team for as long as I can remember. As a man who's hardly backwards in coming forwards, it's odds on that the candidate Illingworth had in mind during most of that time was a certain gritty Yorkshireman named Raymond. In his blazer, tie and dark glasses Illingworth may look like an extra from *Reservoir Dogs* but he possesses one of the most astute cricketing brains around. Nevertheless, it's hard to imagine that he can single-handedly transform the current lamentable state of our national summer game. If English cricket was a race horse they'd have shot it long ago.

As with its winter counterpart, soccer, the problem with cricket is the men in suits who make the big decisions. After England's crushing defeat by a moderate Australian side, popular opinion was that there were simply too many matches of the wrong type being played in England. The response from Lords? To promptly sign a new five-year contract with Benson & Hedges for sponsorship of the competition most people within the game feel has long outstayed its welcome.

Instead of the radical shake-up needed, the men Ian Botham described as "gin-soaked dodderers", prefer to tamper with little things that serve only to boost the bank balance of the TCCB. Thus the hideous Sunday League outfits have already been redesigned; while a whisky firm has put up £125,000 to sponsor a computerised awards system based on points awarded for individual performance. To prevent the all-too-likely possibility of no English pie-thrower being good enough to pick up the bowling award, the company have decided that points will be dished out not just for wicket taking but also for economy. So that's bound to improve our Test team's chances of bowling the opposition out twice, isn't it?

Now the West Indies are here Test Match ticket sales are up, and optimism is once again high. Those of us of a jaundiced frame of mind expect the bubble to burst with the first Courtney Walsh bouncer. When it does, the search will be on for scapegoats and Michael Atherton may well be the sacrificial goat that gives up his life so the old goats of the administration may live.

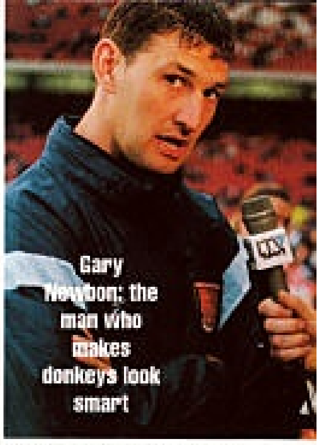
- Soccer's clubcall lines are usually chastised for being a bit of a rip-off, with fans paying 49p a minute to listen to the team manager burbling on about turning the corner etc etc.

Congratulations then are due to Carlisle United who have broken the mould. Those who phoned the Cumbrians' clubcall line in April were pleased to hear not the usual guff, but a matter-of-fact voice informing them that, "You should never blow during oral sex."

Asked to explain the message, a spokesman for the Brunton Park giants said, "It was a typing error."

- With police attempting to bring Diego Maradona to justice on a variety of charges ranging from firing an air-rifle at journalists to being "a right little git", it might be fair to wonder just how the poison dwarf of the pampas has ended up quite so barmy. Personally I would chip in with a mention for Maradona's mentor, former Argentina boss, Carlos Bilardo.

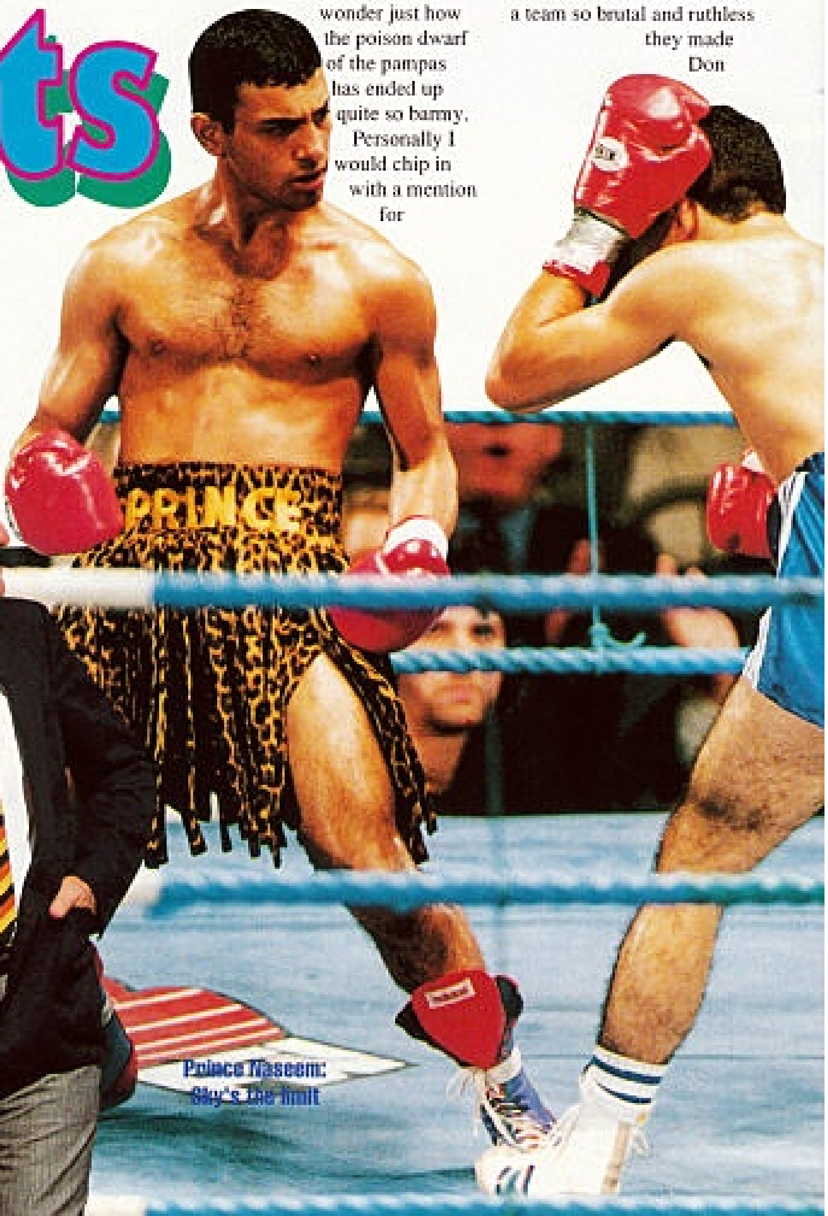
Bilardo was in charge of Argentina's World Cup winning squad in Mexico '86 and the team that so entertained the peoples of the world in Italia '90 – during the final of which Maradona endeared himself to the Italians by mouthing the words "sons of whores" whenever he knew his face was appearing on the stadium's video screens. As a young man Bilardo played for the dreaded Estudiantes, a team so brutal and ruthless they made Don



Gary Newbon: the man who makes donkeys look smart

Ray Illingworth: Yorkshire puddin'

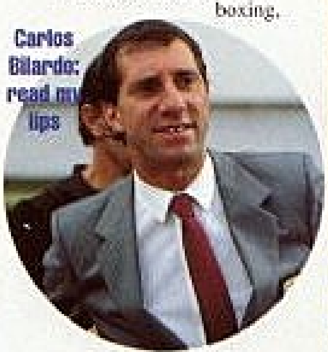
Mike Atherton: poor little (sacrificial) lamb



Prince Naseem: Sky's the limit

Revie's Leeds United look like the Green Party. Estudiantes made a habit of researching the personal lives of all opposition players so they could insult them to maximum effect. When that didn't work they had more simple methods of upsetting opponents. During a match against Dutch club Feyenoord, Billardo spotted that Joop Van Daele was wearing spectacles (this was in the days before contact lenses) and promptly snatched them off his nose and snapped them in half! With a man like that as an authority figure is it so surprising that Maradona has gone to the bad?

● The choice by our brightest hope of British boxing, Prince Naseem Hahmed to follow Chris Eubank to Sky TV is a big disappointment for those of us who not only enjoyed the Sheffield fighter's ringcraft but also relished his confrontations with Gary Newbon. ITV's Mr Gormless, who seems to spend his life loitering on ring-aprons and touchlines irritating the shit out of sportsmen and sportsfans alike, suffered a number of ear-bashings from the slick-boxing Naseem.



Carlos Bilardo: read my lips

My favourite head-to-head concluded with Mr Newbon asking if the Prince had a message for ITV viewers before the fight started. "Yes," came the reply. "Don't try this at home." ♣

sandy

Photographs by Scott Evans

It might be the height of summer, but one girl can't wait for winter. Why, Sandy? "I love those long evenings in front of the fire with a fella I fancy," confesses the 22-year-old from Sussex, her fingers straying inside her panties as she visualises it. "Feeling the warm glow on my bare skin as he strips me on the hearth rug,

the unexpected heat of his cock when I touch it for the first time, then sliding it into my pussy – that's what I like about winter. I can roll around with him inside me for hours, teasing me to orgasm after orgasm – and there's no reason to feel guilty for not being outdoors. I have a much hotter time when it's cold!"♣

club
sandy

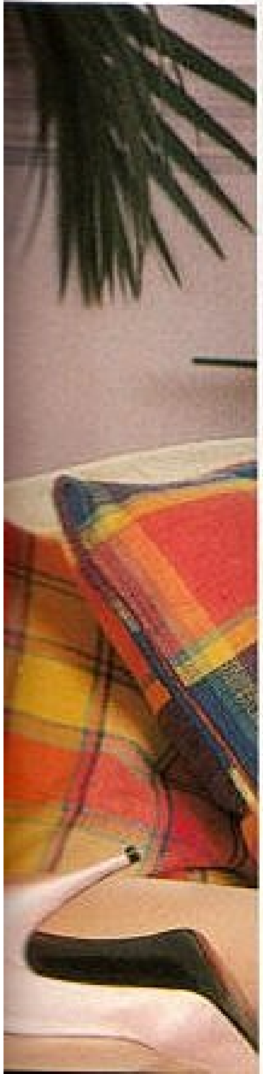
sarah jane

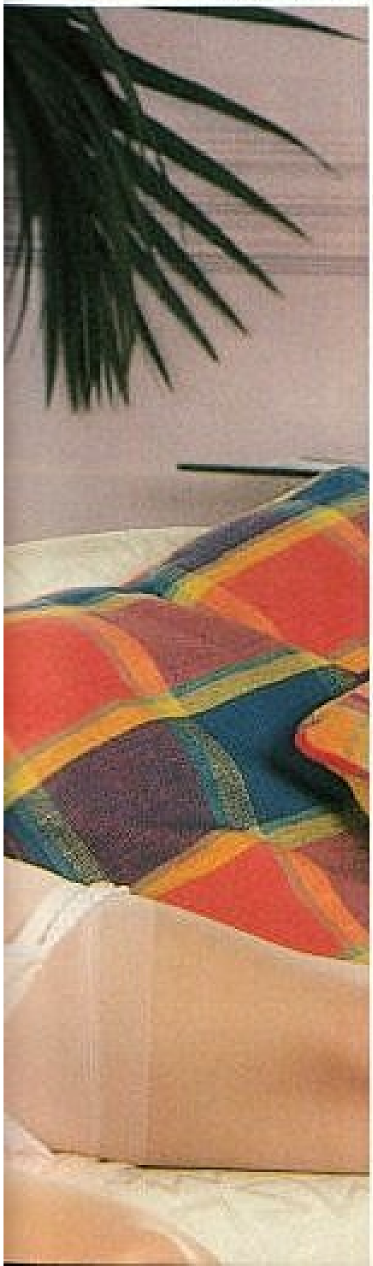
Photographs by Jack Harrison

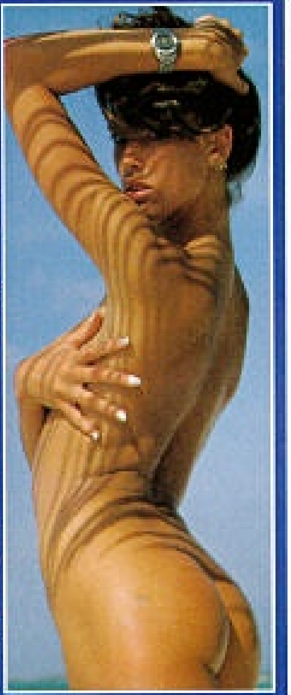
Confirmed clubber Sarah-Jane from Chelmsford loves dirty dancing. "Some of my slow ones have been so sexy, we've practically been doing it on the dancefloor," claims the 21-year-old.

"My hands roam all over his body, sliding down to his bum whilst he pulls me close so that his cock is rubbing my crotch to the music. Then I kiss him, a long tonguey one that pushes my boobs into his chest, teasing my nipples as we

move. By the end my cunny is oozing into my panties and he's limping to the bar, his trousers bulging embarrassingly. I'd love to go further, but I've been chucked out of one club already! You should never turn down an offer to dance, guys. I know a lot of dirty girls like me!" ♣







talkin'

blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

BLACK MAGIC

So, blondes have more fun do they? What a load of bollocks! Since I dyed my mousey brown locks a shade of exotic black a few months ago (just imagine Uma Thurman in *Pulp Fiction*), my pussy has been aching from all the attention it's been getting from stiff dicks. I didn't realise what an effect it would have on my sex life, but there's no doubting that I've been getting plenty of sex since I got that bottle of hair dye out!

Men seem to equate an air of mystery with a dark-haired temptress like me, and a lot of blokes seem to think that I'm into the kinkier side of sex. I wasn't, but I've been learning fast – and enjoying myself! Let me tell you about something that happened to me recently...

I was sitting in a bar in Soho last Friday evening, minding my own business and savouring a glass of wine with a few work mates after a hard week in the office. A couple of guys asked if they could join us for a drink. They both seemed very pleasant and after a couple of drinks I asked Mike what he did for a living.

"I organise fetish parties. Nothing too kinky, just people having fun together," he told me. "I thought by the look of you that you might be interested..." I'd imagine that some people might have been offended by such a presumption on his part, but I have to admit that I was titillated. I've always had a pretty adventurous sex life: shagging in the back of taxis, girl on girl, having two blokes at once – that sort of thing. However, fetish parties were something that I'd never tried.

"If you're interested, here's my card," he said. "Call me tomorrow." And with that, he left the bar with a cheery smile and a wave.

Back at my flat that night I couldn't stop thinking about what Jack had said. My mind was racing, wondering exactly what Jack organised. Fancy dress? Rubber and leather? Orgies? I started to get very turned on with the sheer anticipation of it all and was soon naked on my bed, the buzz of a vibrator whirring away as I probed my wet pussy. I fantasised about fucking all sorts of strange men and women, imaging them dressed up in kinky gear. The more I thought about it all, the more I worked the vibro into my sticky hole and within a few minutes I was coming in long, hot orgasmic thrusts. The next day I made the call.

"Fantastic," said Mike excitedly. "We're having a party next Friday. Maybe you'll need a little guidance as to what to wear. Are you free this afternoon? There are some little shops that I could take you too."

I met up with Mike in Soho and we visited some very kinky shops, where he happily explained to me all about rubber and PVC gear and helped me to choose a few items. I've got a very slim, lithe figure and I knew that I would look good in the outfits that I'd bought.

"How about coming back to my place and giving me your opinion on these things?" I asked Mike. Before I knew it we were back at my flat in Streatham, soft lights and sensual music accompanying me as I tried on first one outfit, then another. Mike was loving it, the bulge in his trousers becoming ever more noticeable under his trousers. When I finally put on the last outfit, a PVC one-piece with a zip that ran right down my back, I could tell from the hungry look in Mike's eyes that he wanted to fuck me right there and then.

As I span around modelling my outfit, I tugged at the zip and then fixed him with a sexy smile. "I want you to undress me and then fuck me until I come, okay?"

I think Mike got really turned on being told exactly what to do, and he had me undressed and was on top of me in minutes, his thick cock pistoning in and out of me like a jackhammer. He was a good lover too: tender, sensual and forceful at all the right moments. I must have come at least three or four times under his expert ministrations, until I pulled his cock out of my cunt and then aimed an arc of his spunk all over my face. I don't think that Mike could quite believe he'd found such a livewire. Naturally, he stayed for the whole night!

By the time Friday evening had come, I was so excited that I could hardly contain myself. Mike picked me up about 11.30 and told me how horny I looked in my sheer bra and rubber skirt. For modesty's sake, I covered myself in a short, PVC mac.

I worked the vibrator into my sticky hole

The party was at a big house in Chelsea which was owned by a bloke called Trevor. There were couples everywhere that you looked, it was just like something from the film *Personal Services*. There were gorgeous women walking around, wearing nothing but stockings, suspenders and high heels. The men looked to be having the time of their lives, and even I was shocked when I walked into one bedroom to find a gorgeous women giving head to a muscled stud.

"Come on in, darling," she grinned. "There's more than enough dick here to satisfy both of us." And she wasn't kidding! This guy's cock was magnificent and when he finally groaned and bucked his hips and then shot his come all over my PVC bra, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven!

I was soon wandering around the house wearing nothing but my tiny rubber skirt, stopping only to watch couples fucking or to grab a mouthful of cock. I lost count of the amount of cocks that slid down my throat, and pretty soon I graduated to munching on pussy!

I finally saw Mike again about three hours later, when he wandered into a bedroom where a beautiful girl called Margie was giving me the best head anybody has ever given me in my entire life. "Having a good time, are we?" he grinned, unbuttoning his trousers and stepping out of them, his cock bobbing up and down and ready for action.

"I don't believe we've had the pleasure," he said, nodding to Margie.

"No, but I think we're about to," she grinned, moving her head towards his cock. I watched the two of them and started to tease my pussy with my fingers. Unbelievable... *– Patsy, London*

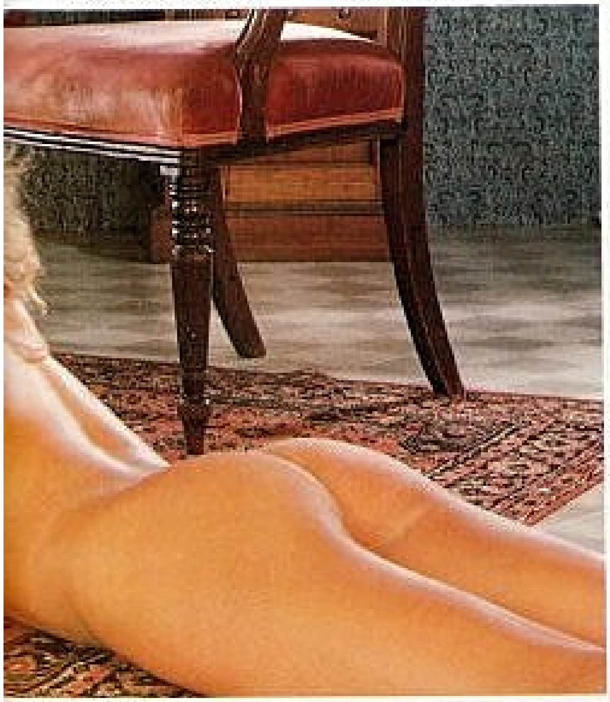
SHOP-FLOOR SHAG

The duvet that you can see in these photographs has quite a story attached to it. My boyfriend Alex and I got it about three weeks ago and I suppose you could say that it was shop-soiled! We'd been needing a new duvet cover for ages and had planned to get up early last Saturday morning and head into town to buy one. But you know how it is... I woke up to be greeted by one of Alex's dawn horns nudging me gently in the back and I've never been one to turn down a hard dick first thing in the morning. I grabbed hold of his thick tool and guided it straight into my pussy and I was soon on my way, bucking and writhing as he fucked me hard and fast.

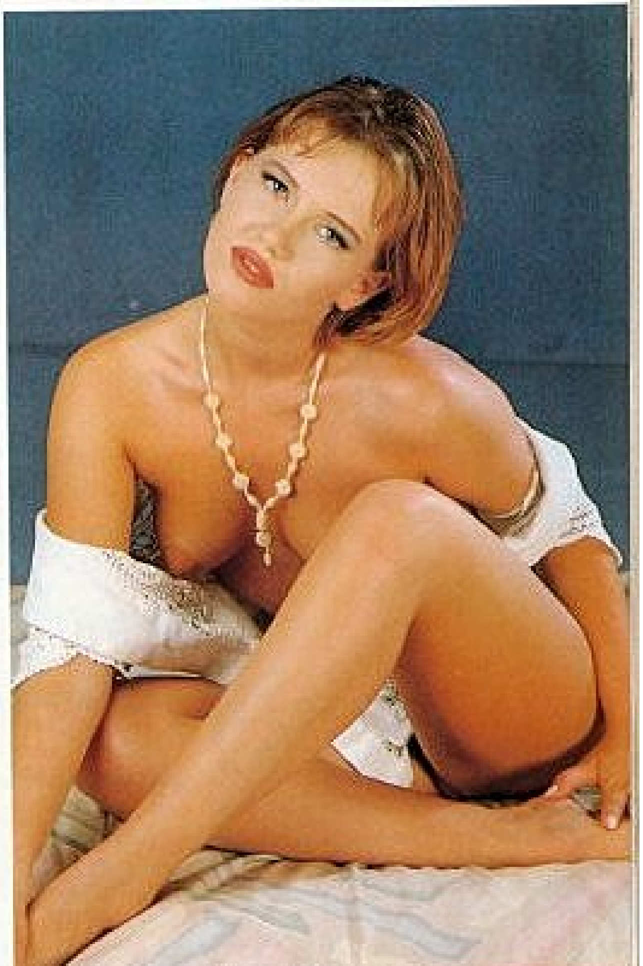
Before we knew it, it was four o'clock in the afternoon. Alex and I are both fond of our daytime sex sessions, but this was ridiculous. I mean, we'd been at it for six hours! Still, there was just enough time to head into town to do a bit of shopping.

By the time we arrived at the store it was about ten minutes from closing time and the place – which was one of those massive department stores – was deserted.

We quickly headed for the bedroom furnishings department without running into any other shoppers. There were dozens of beds set out across the department, and I felt a frission of excitement



He pulled his cock out and aimed an arc of spunk over my face



as I surveyed the scene. I suddenly had an idea that had been lurking in the back of my mind whenever I went to one of this places.

"Alex," I purred, stroking his cock through the fabric of his jeans. "Do you know what I've always wanted to do?" He smiled at me with a knowing look. "I've always wanted to fuck you on one of these display beds."

"What... here?" he gasped.

"Yes, here," I grinned, and to show him I meant business I hitched up my skirt and pulled my panties to one side to reveal my blonde pubes.

After a glance around, Alex nodded and we dived onto the nearest bed. I had my knickers down around my knees in seconds and then Alex lay back as I straddled him, easing myself onto his thick tool. The very thought that we were fucking in the middle of a department store, with the possibility that we could be caught at any second, was an incredible turn-on. I bounced up and down on Alex's tool, biting my lip hard to make sure that I didn't scream out with the sheer pleasure of it all. As Alex increased the pace, I felt a jet of his come shooting deep inside my cunt. It was a real kick to know that we'd got away with it too – or so I thought.

We decided, at the very least, that we should buy the duvet that we had christened, but we had barely made it to the checkout desk when a security officer came towards us. "I think you'd better come with me," he said. We were both too embarrassed to protest, figuring we were in for a serious dressing down from the management for what we'd just been doing.

We were marched through a set of doors to an office and were asked to sit down and wait. After ten minutes, a woman of about 25 came in, sat down and introduced herself as the head of security, I couldn't help but let out a giggle. Alex had always fantasised about women in uniform, but I doubt he had this in mind!

I slowly eased myself onto his thick tool

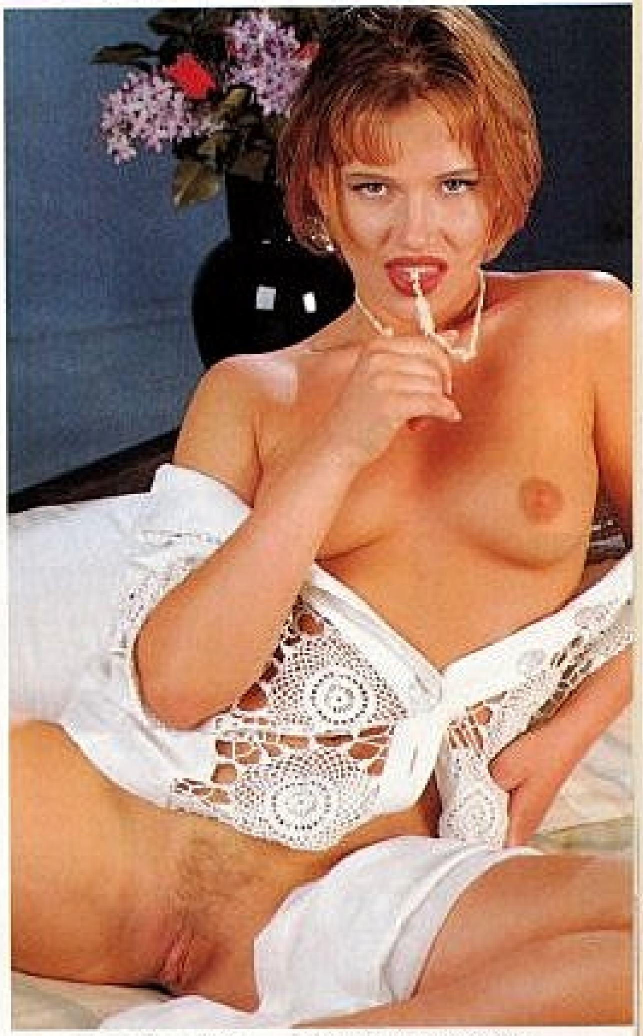
"Have you got anything to say about this?" she asked, running a videotape of Alex and I fucking on the bed. You couldn't make us out that clearly, but there was no doubt what was going on.

"We do have the option of prosecuting you for obscene behaviour," she said sternly. "But we could turn a blind eye, if..." She uncrossed her legs so that the tops of her stockings were visible. My God, she was coming onto Alex! She was certainly a good-looking woman and, to be honest, I didn't fancy this kind of publicity splashed across the local papers.

I looked across at Alex and raised my eyebrows. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" I asked. He nodded, then sank to his knees in front of the woman and tugged up her skirt. A smile spread across her face as Alex began giving her head. It was a real turn-on to see my boyfriend licking out this woman's pussy. The more she squirmed, the hornier I became until I couldn't hold back and I pulled my own knickers to one side and plunged my fingers inside my hot cunt.

"Oh, fuck me," moaned the girl, and Alex was happy to oblige. He stood up quickly, stepped out of his jeans and then slipped her a length as she bent over a table. I teased at my pussy even more enthusiastically, matching Alex and his new lover for enthusiasm. Within two or three minutes, Alex shot his load inside the woman's pussy and I came myself, bucking in my seat with the sheer thrill of it all!

I couldn't believe what had just happened, as we all sat in the office rearranging ourselves. Naturally, the woman said she'd forget about the 'little incident' and she gave us the video for our own viewing pleasure! She even gave us the duvet that we had fucked on as a gift, and said that any time we wanted to repeat the experience we'd just have to drop by! She was a lovely looking woman too, so I might just do that – on my own next time! – *Debbie, Portsmouth*



HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

WILD IN THE CUNT-RY

Without wishing to sound too boastful, my parents are fairly well off. I've always been used to having a comfortable life – boarding schools, long foreign holidays and a house in the country, all that kind of thing. But the best thing about the country set is how highly-sexed everybody is!

I have to tell you that Club is very popular among all the guys and girls in our group. The guys love it for obvious reasons, and the girls all want to be in the magazine! Speaking for myself, I'd get really horny knowing that half the guys in Britain were ogling my dark minge and dying to plunge their stiff cocks into my hot love hole. As you can probably guess, I'm pretty randy and like nothing better than a good ride, and not just with one partner either. The more the merrier, as far as I'm concerned!

In fact, gang-banging is one of the things that really gets my rocks off. I've lost count now of how many hunt balls and debutante parties have ended up just being a sexual free-for-all. I've even been to one of those legendary orgies where everyone chucks their car-keys onto the coffee table and pairs off with the person whose keys they pick up! I had a really fantastic time with a couple of men in the back of a Rolls Royce...

But that all pales in comparison to the party that I attended to celebrate my cousin's birthday. Jerry is a financier and owns a fabulous house in the country. He hangs out with a pretty wild crowd of guys who are notorious for their ways with women. My best friend Miranda and I dressed really carefully for the event, as we wanted to make sure we were the centre of attention. Miranda had a white silk gown which fitted her like a second skin from shoulder to ankle, and I was wearing a bright pink ball gown which was only held up by my stiff nipples and finished halfway down my thighs.

The party was really swinging by the time we arrived, and every conceivable nook and cranny seemed to be filled with people – most of them already with their hands full! Not exactly the reception that Miranda and I had been expecting. Jeremy met us on the stairs, handed us drinks and told us to "Get stuck in" with anyone we fancied!

"But how can we do that?" I moaned. "Everyone seems to be paired off already!"

"I'm sure you pair will manage to get yourselves noticed somehow," Jeremy drawled as he moved on. I looked at Miranda and we both grinned at each other – because we'd both just realised exactly how best to get ourselves noticed.

The party seemed to be centring on the dining-room and drawing-room adjoining it. The music was pumping loud and I could see that everyone was loosened up. Time for Miranda and I to make our big entrance.

We rushed through the crowd and, before anyone could stop us, we'd mounted the huge oval mahogany dining table in the middle of the room and were starting to strip each other off!

Miranda has always been an outrageous hussy, and it literally took her about 10 seconds to have her dress sliding down her body so that it was just about being held up on her hips. Her full boobs were on view, and she started to play with her nipples as she swayed in time to the music.

By now, there was a crowd of people gathered around the table watching Miranda and I, and it was swelling by the minute. I didn't even stop to think about the mess our high-heeled shoes must be making on the table top as we danced even more vigorously. I ran my hands over Miranda's hips, sliding her dress down so that it was right down by her knees and her dripping wet pussy was on view for everyone.

"Like what you see, boys?" she grinned as she started to play with herself, kicking her dress right off so that she was standing there totally naked.

"Come on, Daphne, you're being a bit slow getting stripped off!" she urged me. "That's not like you at all!"

Well, next minute my dress was floating down around my ankles and I'd

I felt her velvet tongue slide inside my wet slit

pulled off my corset and g-string. I flung them out into the baying crowd of men who'd gathered to watch our strip show. There was a bit of a scramble to grab my undies, but that was nothing to the noise that erupted when Miranda slid her hands down my body and knelt between my thighs to give my pussy a thorough licking.

As soon as I felt her velvet tongue slide inside my wet slit, I thought I was going to come, I could feel all those delicious ripples running right from the tips of my nipples down my stomach and into my pussy. God, that felt so good. I could feel my pussy walls tightening around Miranda's tongue, and that spurred her on to tongue me deeper. I just couldn't stop myself from coming then, really panting out loud, much to the delight of the watching crowd.

He slowly fed his cock to the back of my throat

"Come on, who's going to give Daphne a really good screwing?" Miranda yelled. "You can see she wants it – look how wet her pussy is!"

She parted my moist pussy lips with her fingers and showed them off to everyone watching. There was a real rush from the guys there as they queued to give me a good stuffing. The first to step up was a guy I'd met at various parties but had never known his name. He still had his tuxedo on as he pulled his cock out and mounted the table.

"I want you to do me from behind," I told him and turned to shove my firm bum cheeks right into his face. I felt his tongue slide down my crack as he pulled my pussy lips apart and buried his fingers into the flesh.

Well, the excitement of being eaten out in front of the eager crowd soon meant that I had to get down on my knees and support myself on my hands because I was so turned on. I closed my eyes and just relaxed into the delight of it all... and then felt the table move and the tip of an already stiff cock rubbing against my mouth!

I opened my eyes and saw one of Miranda's old boyfriends, Rory, feeding his length between my lips. He'd always given me the eye even when he was dating her, though the little cow had never told me he was so well-hung or I'd have given him the eye back! I almost choked on the thickness of his shaft, and could barely get my mouth around it.

It became a bit of a race to see who could give me their cock-cream first. I pride myself on being an expert at blow-jobs, and so even though he'd been second off the blocks, Rory was the first to unload his come into me. I swallowed the lot down greedily, while Rory zipped himself up and Miranda ushered the next eager male up on to the table.

This time, it was a guy who I'd always had the hots for, Tom. He only looked about 19 and I wondered if he was still a virgin. But the experienced way he slowly but surely fed his cock right to the back of my throat left me in no doubt. It wasn't the longest one I'd ever sucked, but it was very fat and unbelievably hard. Just at the moment that I felt his helmet hit the back of my throat, the guy pumping my pussy shot his load with a huge groan, shuddering so much that I thought we were going to break the table! The hot jets of come seemed to shoot into my pussy for hours, and as soon as he pulled out Miranda was on her knees at my rear end, sucking his come out and swallowing it down as fast as she could gobble it.

That seemed to be the signal for a free-for-all. Suddenly Miranda was on her knees facing me, and we started kissing each other as one cock was rammed into my pussy from behind, and some rough-looking type filled her pussy with his shaft. Miranda's always liked a bit of rough, and I could see the ecstasy on her face as she felt his balls slapping against her arse as he worked his cock inside her. And what a stud – he was able to hold his orgasm until she'd come three times.

each orgasm shaking her more than the last.

The rough guy was soon replaced by a distinguished-looking man in his late 30s, and there we were in a little daisy chain on the table top, all mouths sucking each other and pussies filled with cock. As soon as one guy had unloaded his come into me from behind, another would take his place. My pussy was literally overflowing with spunk, and I knew I would soon have to stop. I was aching so much from such a thorough fucking.

Miranda now manoeuvred herself so that she was lying on her back with a cock in each hand, and yet another cock in her mouth! The little slut was covered with come as both the cocks she was wanking sprayed cream all over her tits, which she then reached up and smoothed into her skin. I don't think I've ever seen anything so wonderfully sordid outside of a blue movie. And of course, I couldn't let her upstage me, so I did the same – but I had my legs wrapped around my friend Jed's neck at the same time, as he fed his length smoothly into my pussy. When his hot spray pumped into my pussy, I swear that I almost passed out with pleasure.

I felt my pussy walls tightening around her tongue

I still hadn't tasted enough come, though. Now it was my turn to get between Miranda's legs and eat out her pussy. I knew that at least four guys had emptied their balls into her, and I savoured the flavour of those different loads of come. Honestly, a good mouthful of come satisfies me more than a crateload of champagne every time!

I've heard that someone had a video camera that night, though I was too busy to notice! I'd love to see a film of our performance at the party, so if there's anyone reading this who's got the film, Club have my address! – *Daphne, Wilts*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

DOING IT DOGGY!

I'll bet you can guess what my favourite position is just by looking at these photographs that I've sent in. That's right, doggy style! Of course, I'm not averse to sex of any kind. I love giving head, I love the taste of come, I love having a big cock nestling between my tits. But bending over a table or chair and feeling a thick dick easing inside me and a pair of heavy balls slapping against my arse, well that's my favourite kind of sex in the world! I reckon it's because the very first fuck I ever had involved me bending over a bench in my local park while a thick tooled gardener rammed his hot meat inside me!

My friend Elaine knows all about my doggy-style fetish, in fact she caught me in the act the very first time we ever met each other. It was about two years ago in a nightclub in town and I'd just met a guy called Mark and had decided that I wanted to fuck him right there and then. I obviously wasn't going to take him into the toilets (not very classy!), so I dragged him towards the darkest corner of the club.

There were already two other couples in the alcove when we slipped in – and at least one of the lads had already slipped in himself! The girl he was with was sitting astride him and by the way her eyes were rolling upwards, you could tell she was enjoying herself. He was bouncing her very gently up and down, almost so that you wouldn't notice but they were most definitely fucking. You could almost smell the sex!

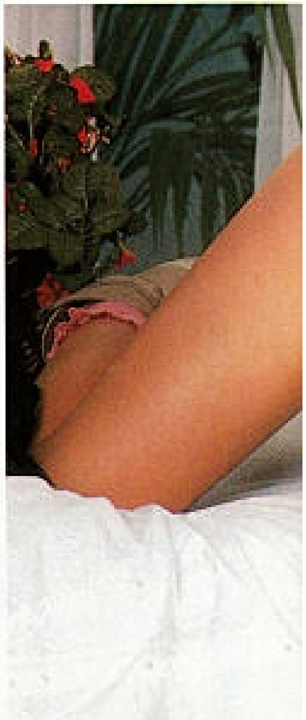
Mark and I manoeuvred ourselves past the couples towards an empty sofa and I slipped my knickers down, kicking them over my heels. I lifted my mini-skirt up and whispered to Mark that I wanted his cock right now. He was grinning from ear to ear as I reached down and unzipped his flies to reveal a purple-headed cock, glistening even in the murky light of the club. My pussy was already moist and ready and as his cock slid deep into my wet hole from behind, I closed my eyes and a loud moan escaped my lips.

As Mark's rhythm quickened, I became aware of a pair of hands undoing my blouse. I opened my eyes and I couldn't believe it when I saw Elaine, who only two minutes earlier had been surreptitiously shagging beside us. She winked and held a finger to her mouth. "Shhh," she whispered. As Mark came close to coming, Elaine teased my nipples between her fingertips until I exploded in orgasm. Then, just as quickly as she had appeared, Elaine disappeared again.

Later on in the evening, I eventually discovered Elaine in the women's toilets. "Sorry, I don't know what came over me," she explained. "I just couldn't help myself." Well, that was all the explaining she needed to do.

Neither of us saw the two lads after our fuck session that night, but us two girls became firm friends. In fact, we spent that first night back at my flat watching dirty videos and exploring each other's body. I had never met a girl who was as open about sex as I was, and we've certainly had our share of fun in the last six months.

It turns out that Elaine is



just as much of a fan of doggy-style shag sessions as I am, and we even have a little game that we like to play. Let me tell you about last Friday night as an example.

I'd decided to have a quiet night in for a change, but when Elaine dropped by about 11.30 with a young guy whom she introduced as Ian, I have to say that things livened up considerably. He was a very good-looking lad and judging by the way Elaine was talking to him, she was in the mood for the little game we had devised for ourselves.

After we'd shared a couple of bottles of wine, Elaine asked if Ian fancied playing a little kinky game. Of course, he said yes immediately – although he looked a little perturbed when Elaine brought out one of her silk scarves!

"Get your kit off then," she commanded, whilst moving around behind him and tying the scarf across his eyes. Within seconds he was stark naked with a boner that had both of us wide-eyed in appreciation. We kicked off our knickers at the same time and then both knelt on the sofa so that our bums were sticking up in the air.

"Now move slowly towards us and try to guess who is who just by touching our bums with your hands," said Elaine. "If you can guess correctly, then you can fuck us both."

Ian moved tentatively towards the sofa and started to fondle my bum. The very fact that this virtual stranger was running his hands over my peachy buttocks had my cunt getting wet, and I couldn't help but guide his hand towards my pussy. His fingers began to rub around my mound and I pushed a couple of them into my wet slit.

A thick dick eased deep inside me

Of course, Elaine noticed that I was grabbing a bit of extra action and she immediately guided Ian's other hand towards her pussy, inviting him to play with it. It was a completely bizarre situation as Ian alternated between the two of us, frigging us each in turn. This carried on for a few minutes until Ian finally stopped and took a deep

breath. "This is Elaine," he said proudly, patting Elaine's bottom.

He ripped off his blindfold and looked to see if he was right. "Well done!" shrieked Elaine, planting a smacker on his lips. "You can fuck me first – if that's all right with Jessica..."

"Of course," I giggled. "I'd love to watch you getting shagged senseless."

Elaine spread her legs further apart and Ian held his cock and aimed it towards her hole, ramming into her in one swift hard thrust. He started moving his arse back and forth, while I moved closer to inspect every delicious pink fold of Elaine's cunt. It looked amazing and I marvelled at the way her tight cunt stretched to accommodate his thick tool. I couldn't resist easing a finger alongside Ian's cock and the two of us made quite a team, working hard to bring Elaine to orgasm. It didn't take long before she grunted loudly and then spasmed as the full force of an orgasm ripped through her body. Ian followed right afterwards, grinding his hips furiously and filling Elaine's cunt with his sticky, white load.

All this action was obviously a tremendous turn-on for Ian, 'cos his dick was still as stiff as a pole and he was ready to give me a good seeing-to. I buried my face into the back of the sofa while he plunged his hard-on into my pussy and began working up a rhythm. I could feel his balls slapping against my bum and that really turned me on as he started to quicken his pace.

"Shoot your come all over my arse, lover," I ordered, just as soon as I thought he was about to come. Ian quickly whipped his tool out, gave his dick a couple of pulls with his right hand and then shot his semen in thick, stringy wads all over my bum. I could feel it trickling down between my cheeks and towards my pussy.

"Rub it, rub it now," I begged. "Rub it all into my cunt." I could feel my orgasm swelling up deep inside me as soon as Ian started to tease the juices around my labia and rubbed gently at my clitoris. One last stroke finally sent me off and I came with a shudder and a high-pitched scream.

By the time I got myself together again, Ian and Elaine had already decided to get down to some more horny business. Elaine's pussy was occupied by a large dildo which Ian was working around her lips with eager anticipation. By the look on her face he was doing pretty well with the thing and it was a real turn-on watching Elaine squirming uncontrollably as her whole body tingled with excitement.

He ground his hips furiously and filled Elaine's cunt with his sticky, white load

"I want your pussy," she gasped. "I want your juicy pussy now." Of course, I was only too happy to oblige and I moved towards Elaine. I sat on the sofa and lifted up my bum towards her face. Elaine's tongue was out in a flash, darting and probing into my wet hole. I was so turned on that the juices poured out of me, dribbling down Elaine's face as she tongued voraciously. There was no doubt that I was going to come on her face and I began grinding my pubic bone against her mouth, bucking uncontrollably as I came.

Of course Ian, who was still wanking Elaine off with the dildo, loved the sight of the two of us indulging in lezzie action, and I could see his dick growing hard again.

This was our cue to get to grips with his prick, and I told Ian to get to his feet. Elaine quickly joined me and we both sank to our knees in front of that fabulous phallus. We both started teasing his cock, flicking at the purple helmet with our tongues and kneading his balls with our hands. I know it was terribly selfish, but I grabbed hold of his cock and took his shaft to the back of my throat and began deep-throating him for all I was worth. Elaine and I, though, always share things, so I made sure that I didn't make Ian come and I graciously handed his dick over to Elaine to finish off the job – which she did in spectacular fashion!

She brought him to the edge of orgasm, then aimed his twitching cock at my face. I caught the first spurt of spunk and then Elaine moved his cock towards her tongue and sucked the rest of his seed out.

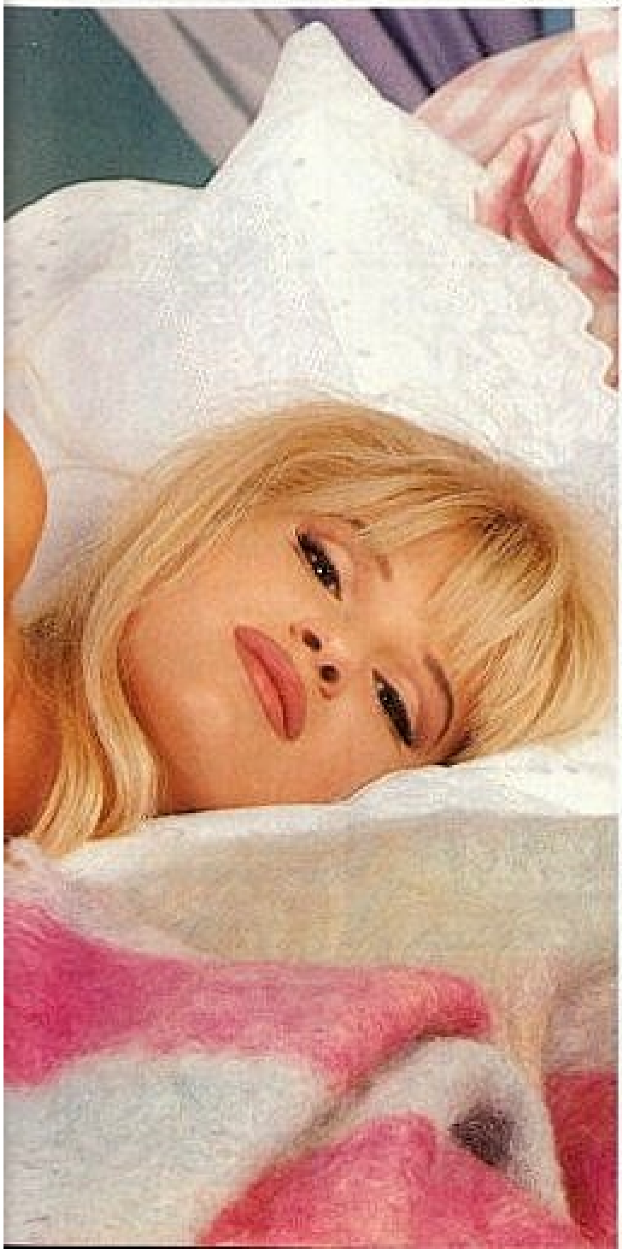
That was just about the wildest night we've shared, but I'm sure that we'll think of something even more horny in the future. And, of course, I'll be writing it all down to let you know about it because putting it all down on paper is almost as sexy as actually doing it! – *Jessica, Norwich* ♣

Busty Barbara's mucky habit of using her long blonde hair to wank guys off as revealed in Club (Vol 23 No 2) had hundreds of you offering her your cream conditioner! "It's true I do like wrapping it round men's cocks and rubbing them till they come," giggles the 20-year-old naughtily. "I must be the only girl who buys

barbara

Photographs by Jack Harrison

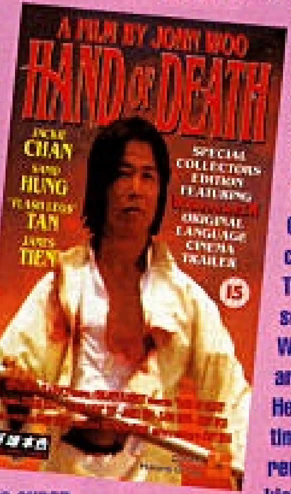
shampoo labelled 'for spunky hair'!" But now Barbara has found a way to keep the sticky stuff off her silk tresses. "It's simple!" she reveals chirpily. "I wrap it around your willy, then slip the knob-end between my lips. The combination of wet lips and long locks is guaranteed to have you filling my mouth with your come. Then one swallow and it's gone! No frantic shampooing afterwards! Brilliant, huh?" More handy household tips next month. ♣



HONG KONG FUEY

In the eternal search for a good night in by the telly, video reviewer **Dean Isherwood** takes on some cheeky choppers from China

Hand of Death
Hong Kong Classics
Certificate: 18



These days Hong Kong film director John Woo is bigger than China. When *Hand of Death* was made he was just another Eastern blockhead making cak films about kung foo. The publicity blurb will tell you that *Hand of Death* is a "true classic". Well, I'm telling you it isn't. Okay, it does feature super chopper Jackie Chan and 'Flash Legs' Tan (!!), but the story is so duff I can't even be arsed telling you about it.

There were a lot of these films made in the 70s, in the days before they realised it was far more fun to see a villain having his head blown off with two mutha-fucker hand guns than a couple of kicks to the nose. The fighting scenes in this 100 minute movie are well choreographed and there's plenty of them, but personally I'd rather have some gaping wounds, severed arteries and spurting blood with my violence, thankyou.

Get someone else to buy it.

Club Rating: ✓✓✓

One Armed Boxer
Hong Kong Classics
Certificate: 18

JIMMY WANG YU
ONE ARMED BOXER
18

This, on the other hand (geddit?), really is a classic. Fucking ball-breaking Spurs-fans-versus-Chelsea-fans carnage, in fact. The story goes something like this: Wang Yu gets his arm chopped off. He's pissed off big time and uses his remaining fist to kick the arses of a whole host of baddies including some Tibetan lamas, a yoga master and a limb-chopping karate king. Starring a load of people you've never heard of, this is a well-hard film which I would definitely rush out and buy if I didn't have a free copy already.

I put this furious film on at a party recently and half the people there stopped dancing and stared fighting. There can't be too many films around that can boast that kind of audience action.

Club rating: ✓✓✓✓✓✓♣

RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

in the bag

continued from page 5

in with all the dirty details.

First of all let me tell your readers a little bit about myself. I'm 24 years old and I've got long blonde hair, a curvy figure and a pair of big boobs. I lost my virginity quite late (22, in fact) and I've been going out with the same guy ever since. Recently though, I have to admit that our sex life has become boring and I had thought of myself as a flop in bed. Thankfully that changed last week...

I arrived home from work early last Friday afternoon and discovered why Dave's performances have been so unenergetic of late. I could hear grunting noises coming from the bedroom, went upstairs to investigate and there I caught Dave red-handed giving one to the barmaid from our local pub. But instead of bawling him out, I simply turned on my heels and headed back out through the door. I decided if he was going to play the field, then there was no reason to stop me from doing the same.

I caught a taxi into town and went into one of the trendy pubs there and sat at the bar with a drink. It didn't take long before I'd attracted attention from not just one, but two blokes: Carl and Johnny. They sat on either side of me and we began chatting. They were good-looking guys and were both dressed in leather trousers and tight-fitting tee-shirts which showed off their muscular frames. I had trouble keeping my eyes off the bulges in their tight trousers and was sizing up which one looked more promising, when I was struck with an idea. Why not fuck them both? It seemed obvious, so I began flirting outrageously and dropping heavy hints. To be honest I wasn't exactly subtle, and they soon got the message, inviting me back to their place for a coffee.

Once we were inside their flat, I didn't waste any time on preliminaries. "Okay boys," I told them. "I'm all yours." Their hands were all over me as they pulled off my dress and practically ripped my bra off. It was only a matter of seconds before I was completely naked, then I ordered both lads to sit down on the sofa.

They did as they were told, then I eased their leather trousers down to their ankles to see exactly what they were packing. I certainly wasn't disappointed as two lovely thick pricks sprung into view. I knelt down before them and grabbed a handful of cock in each hand and began wanking them firmly. It felt deliciously dirty to have a thick cock in each hand and I couldn't resist moving my mouth towards their shiny bell-ends and licking each in turn. As I did this, Carl's fingers strayed down towards my cunt and he eased a finger between my pussy lips and began gently frigging me.

I could feel my sticky juices leaking out of my slit and coating Carl's fingers, so I stopped wanking him for a second and brought his hand up to my mouth and began sucking on his fingers, savouring the sweet taste.

Then Carl stood up from the sofa and moved behind me as I concentrated my efforts on Johnny's prick. Sliding my lips over his bell-end, I took as much of his cock down my throat and began deep-throating him. My rhythm was interrupted as I felt Carl's hands spreading my arse cheeks wide and his cock nudging at my pussy. I pushed my bum back hard just as Carl drove his prick deep inside me and began pumping furiously.

I couldn't believe my luck. I'd hardly had one cock to play with in the last six months, and here I was getting fucked from both ends by two men. I began to pant under the force of Carl's thrusts and I knew I couldn't hold back for much longer. Sucking even harder on Johnny's prick, it suddenly swelled and he came, filling my mouth with a creamy wad of spunk. That just set me off and I climaxed, screaming my head off.

Well, that little event was just a prelude of things to come. I knelt down on all fours and thrust my soaking pussy right in Johnny's face. "Come on and fuck me from behind," I yelled. Johnny plunged his throbbing shaft into my pussy as deep as it would go and began grinding his pubic bone hard against my pussy. My pussy walls were stretched to the limit, clamping around his thrusting cock and I could feel his balls

continued on page 98

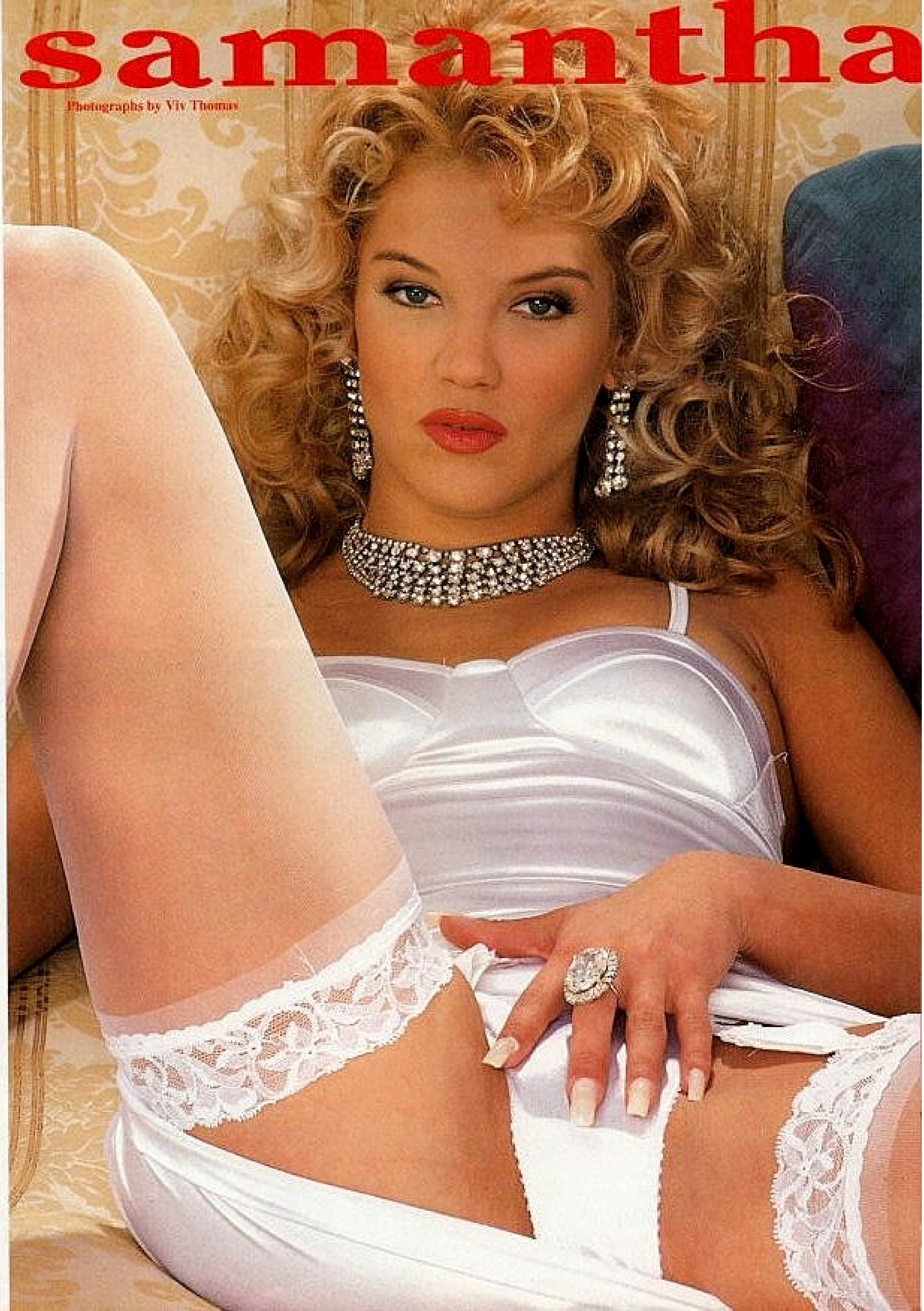
in and out

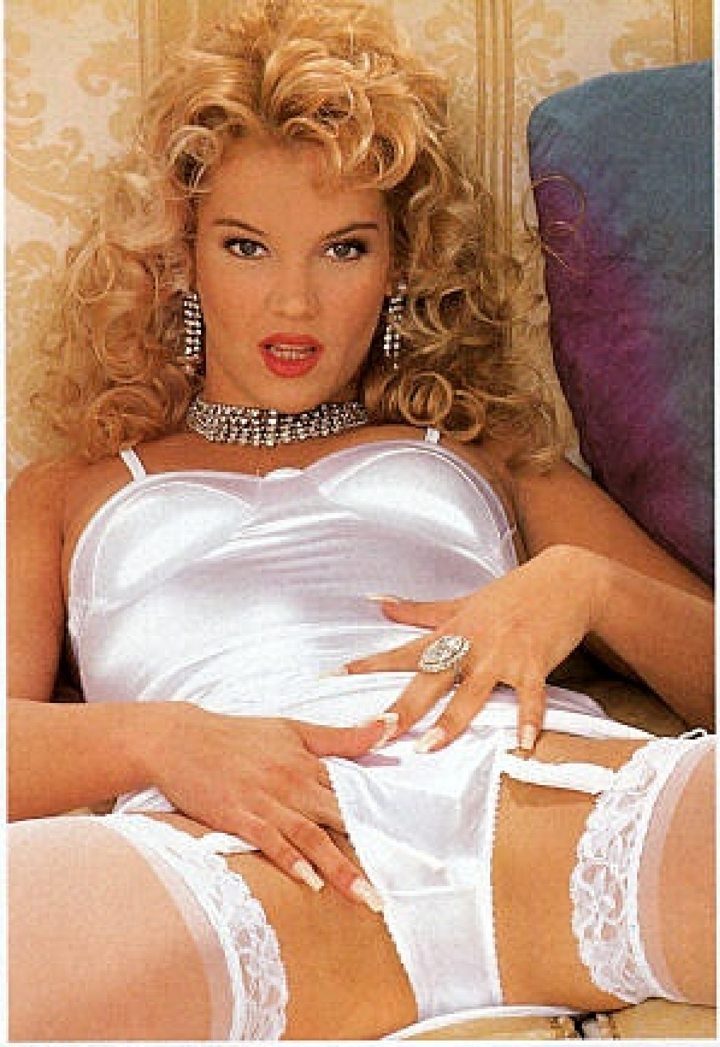
Your guide to what's cool and what's not in Eastenders...

IN	OUT
Tricky	Ricky
Boiled chicken	Barbara Windsor
Poodles	Angie
Sex with sheep	Sharon
Big cocks	Little Willie
Blackburn Rovers	Walford Town
Anal	Alan
Snot	Dot
Michelin	Michelle ♣

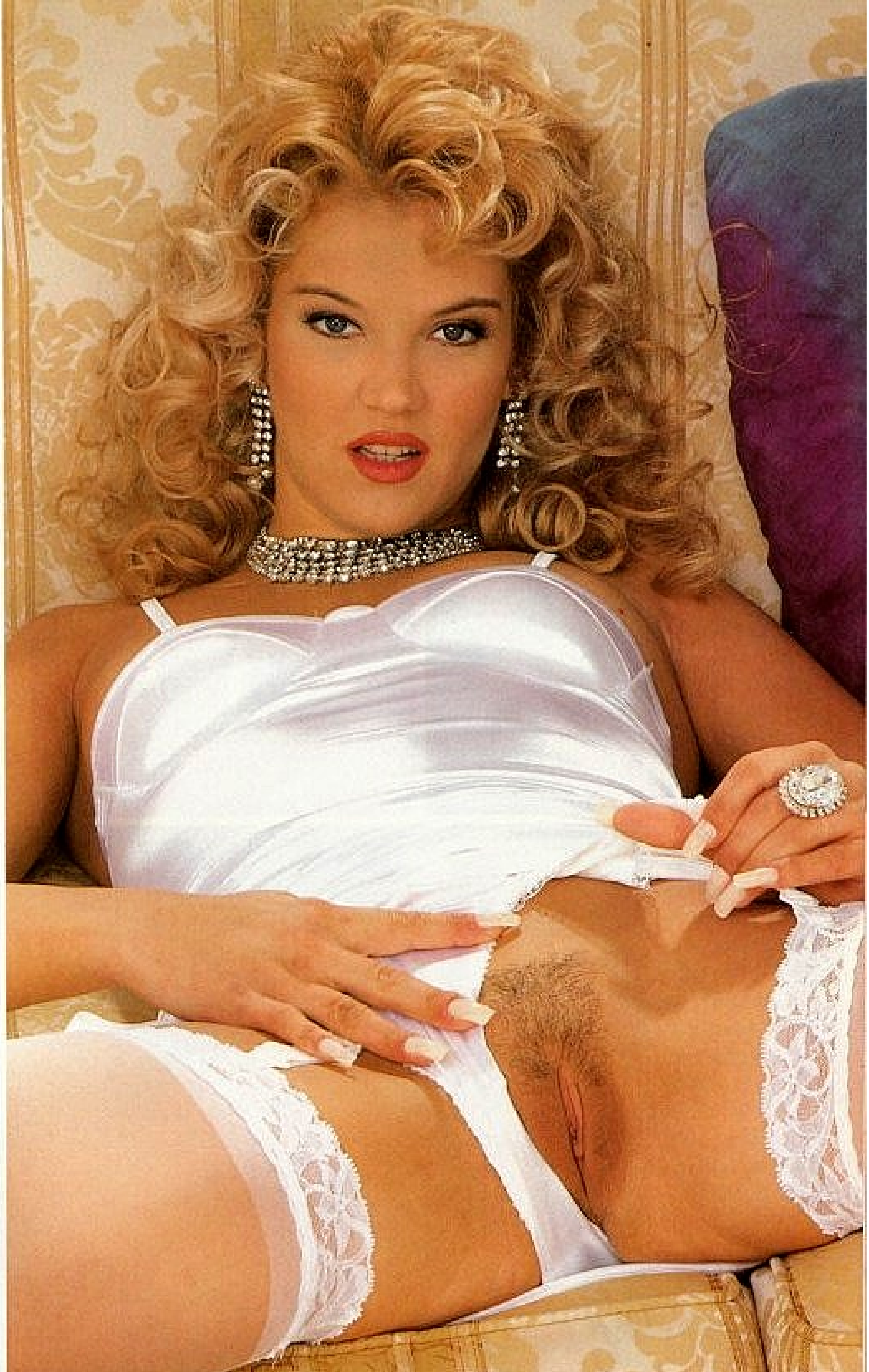
samantha

Photographs by Viv Thomas





Some women are subtly seductive, some are saucy and some simply ooze sex! But 22-year-old Samantha Kane combines all three to get the guy she wants. "I can be subtle," insists the Reading raver. "But usually my sex play is bloody blatant! I think sex is so important, I go all out for it. Sometimes I'm sensual and seductive in satin and silk, sometimes tacky and tarty in PVC – whatever's gonna get that guy to fuck me!" A high sex drive, Sam? "It's more a



race than a drive," she laughs. "When my pussy tells me there's a fanciable fella around, I'll do anything to get him. My hands stray over his body, my mouth cries out to be kissed, and I all but stick my bum in his face to get attention! Sex is just too much fun to waste time fucking about being well behaved!"♣

LOVE BYTES

Sorting out the hard disks from those that leave you floppy, **Steve Duresse** dives in and reviews another batch of seedy CD-ROMs...

Private Magazine
New Machine Publishing

If you're into the bizarre side of European erotica, this is well worth checking out. It's a CD that comes complete with a seedy magazine and features around ten video clips covering all sorts of fetishes.

First up is a story called *Moral?*, in which a highly desirable blonde sucks off two guys while a strange, foreign sounding lady ponders the delights of giving a 'blow yob'.

Then there's *Private Goes East* in which two rather pleasant women give their boss a gobble. When he tells them to get back to work they go to a barn to prove that sisters can do it for themselves.

Then there's Private Art – a body-painting frenzy – and Private Report, which is a 'documentary' filmed in a private French strip club. In this, an old git wanks a stocking-clad dancer with a lighted candle.

It may be a bit of a mish mash; the music's shit, and the video quality sometimes edges on the shaky, but there's a very high horn count. Not one for the faint-hearted.

♥♥♥♥♥

Put It In Gere...
New Machine Publishing

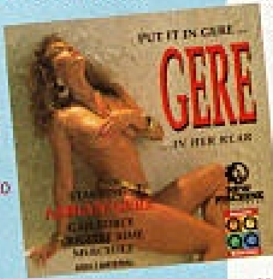
There's rarely been a CD-ROM with a more promising title, although, as the saying goes, you shouldn't judge a CD-ROM by its cover. This is basically an uncut porn film – complete with all the regular ingredients – crap plot, crap actors, and loads and loads of shagging.

When a chap can't afford an exotic holiday, he does the sensible thing and goes to a memory implant store to buy memories of a day on a porno film set.

When he gets home, however, he confuses reality with the fake memories and confesses to his wife that he's really a famous sex star. Now if I did that I'd be out on my ear, but his missus seems quite impressed. In fact, her curiosity is so aroused that she pops along to the implant store herself and before you can say "what a load of bollocks" she's discovering a passion for lesbian lust.

But is it real... or all in the mind? Does anybody care? These and other questions are never answered, as the title owes more to marketing than the contents of this CD-ROM. Still, there are some big stars including Gail Force and Mercedez, and an excellent soundtrack featuring Yello. If you're after the sort of action you can't find at Blockbuster, this CD-ROM would be a good place to start.

♥♥♥♥ ♣



Touch Me Feel Me
Romsoft

Hailed as the ultimate sensation, this is a worthy, even if rather slow, CD-ROM. It's also highly interactive.

From the outset you can choose to watch video clips of two gorgeous cyber-babes, Leanne and Bianca, or look at a selection of steamy stills.

If you go for the video option, the girls invite you to 'touch and feel' them. In other words, the cursor turns into the shape of a hand. There's also a menu of other videos you can see – some of which are quite impressive. You can choose to watch Bianca play with her 'toy', or watch as the two girls get it on.

But in the main the clips are rather short, and programming problems could cause hassles if you run it at anything other than 640 x 480 resolution (Come again, *Steve? – The Ed.*

♥♥♥

Ratings

♥♥♥♥♥♥ Cybersex sensation
♥♥♥♥♥ Puts the joy in joystick
♥♥♥♥ Decent hardware
♥♥♥ Redeeming features
♥♥ Geeks only ♥ Hit the delete key

New Machine Publishing, 2040 Broadway, Santa Monica, CA 90404, USA
Romsoft, 7846 Wiles Road, Coral Springs, FL 33067, USA

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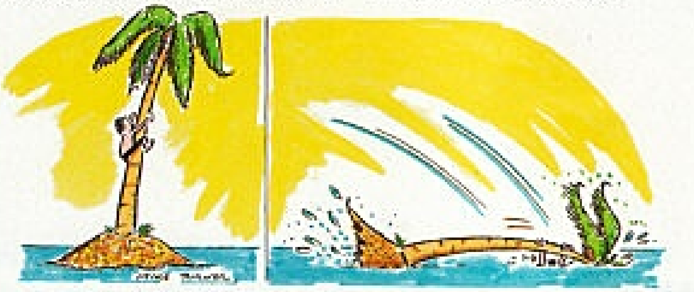
in the bag

continued from page 90

slapping against my bum. "Harder!" I commanded, and he slammed into me. I'd never had such wild, wanton and wonderful sex before and I was loving every second of it!

I spent the entire night getting fucked by Johnny and Carl, and they taught me a few things that I could only have ever dreamed about. To be honest, I had always thought sex was a bit of a bore but those two lads soon changed that! Okay, so maybe I had to stagger home the next morning but it was well worth it and I've arranged to see the pair of them again this weekend. As for my boyfriend, I told him every delicious detail of my night of unbridled sex – and then told him to sod off back to his barmaid friend! Ooooh, I am wicked aren't I?! – *Vanessa, Wakefield*



BRIGHT SPARKS

I work as an electrician, and although the work can be pretty dull it does have its moments. Take last month for instance. I got in from work to find a message on my answering machine asking me to quote for a job.

I called up the number and a woman picked up the phone on the other end. "It's the tubes in my sunbed," she told me. "They don't seem to be working, could you come and take a look for me?" I headed to the address she'd given and I couldn't believe my eyes when the door opened. The woman was absolutely stunning: mid-twenties, long ginger hair and a fabulous pair of tits tightly encased in a skin-tight tee-shirt.

"I'm Fiona, do come in," she said. I followed closely behind her and tried not to gaze too obviously at her shapely arse. She led me through the kitchen and into an extension at the back of the house. "Here's the sunbed," she said. "I'd be grateful if you could do your best. As you can see I'm looking a little pale without it." And with that she lifted up her tee-shirt over her head, tossed it to the floor and stood there in her bra. "See what I mean?"

Never mind whether she had a tan or not, I couldn't keep my eyes off her breasts. I felt like reaching out and touching them, just to check that they were actually real! But before I had the chance to do anything, she moved towards me and whispered, "The sunbed's fine, but you could take a look at me."

I ran my hands over her tits, pausing to stroke her nipples. Fiona responded by reaching for my trousers, undoing my belt and pulling them down to my ankles. She had an expert touch and I almost came on the spot as she slowly peeled my foreskin back and began wanking my cock with long, smooth strokes. As she tossed me off, I moved my fingers up her skirt and gently rubbed her clit through the thin fabric of her knickers. I could feel her cunt getting wetter and she moaned as I eased two fingers deep inside her tight slit.

Suddenly she pulled away from me. "I want you to fuck me on the sunbed," she pouted, climbing onto the sunbed and pulling off her wet knickers. Drawing her legs up to her chin, she exposed her pussy and ran a finger right alongside the length of her slit. "What are you waiting for?" she purred.

As you can imagine, I couldn't wait to feel her warm pussy walls clamping around my shaft so I moved closer towards her. She reached out and grabbed my throbbing tool and then guided it inside her wet hole. I threw all my body weight behind my thrusts as she started to lose control, writhing and twisting under my pumping hips. When I moved my hands onto her breasts and began fondling them, she started to scream loudly in delight. I could feel her nails digging into my back and I came, spurting a steady stream of spunk into her tight pussy. I quickly withdrew my twitching cock and shot another glob of come over her heaving boobs. Fiona delighted in scooping up every drop of my warm seed and greedily licking her fingers.

We carried on fucking that afternoon, and worked our way around the house: on the sofa, against the washing machine before we finished off shagging on the living room floor. Since that afternoon I've been asked to come out and take a look at a wide range of problems that Fiona seems to having with electrical items. Funnily enough, they all seem to be in perfect working order by the time I get there! – *Ian, Thornton* ♣

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